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E. W. M. Spiller

June 14. 1892 —

from Mrs Frazar —

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

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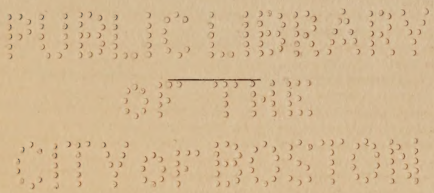
BY

BARBARA N. GALPIN.

" We cannot buy with gold the old associations."



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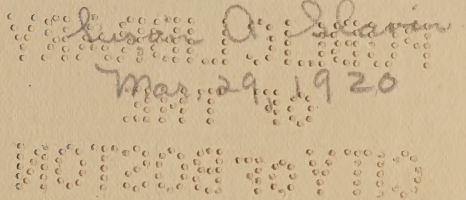

Somerville Journal Print,
Somerville, Mass.

TO . . . . . .

Mrs. M. D. Frazar,

In loving remembrance of a joyous summer,
this book is dedicated.

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IN FOREIGN LANDS.

I.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC....A BURIAL AT SEA....LIVERPOOL....LONDON....WESTMINSTER ABBEY....TOWER OF LONDON....HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT....PALACES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

One of the largest, happiest parties that ever sailed from New York harbor was the Frazar party, on board the "City of Chester," in the summer of 1891. At the wharf in New York many touching scenes were witnessed, and many others which were amusing; it was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. One's eyes became moist while watching two strong men, evidently Frenchmen, bidding their father good-bye; the usual handshake being supplemented by a hearty kiss on each cheek of the old man; and as the tears rolled down their faces it was evident that these men had not solidified their affections according to custom's laws.

Down the beautiful harbor we sailed, past Bartholdi's Goddess of Liberty, out beyond Sandy Hook, and, finally,

into the broad Atlantic. Not a sad face could be seen on the upper deck; every one had come for a good time, and were early at it; but the bright sun of Sunday morning peered in on an entirely different looking set of people. Where singing and dancing had been the order, now were groaning, and sighing, and frantic rushing for the rail; two-thirds of the crowd were just sea-sick; and so sick. No Frenchy name would half express their disgust with life in general, and ocean life in particular. "How have the mighty fallen!" came to mind as the defender of the re-districting bill before the Massachusetts Legislature gazed sadly into the blue depths and rendered due homage to Neptune in an energetic, if not enthusiastic, manner.

The first Sunday on board was a strangely interesting one. The majority of the passengers gathered in the dining-room at half-past ten for the religious exercises. The captain read the Episcopal service for morning prayer, and we began fully to realize that we were away from home as the prayer for the "good Queen Victoria and the President of the United States" was read. Surely this was as impressive a service as I ever attended; out of sight of land, the rolling and roaring of the mighty waves, the hum of the machinery, and, clear and sharp, the queer cry of the sailors as they furled the sails, the singing of familiar hymns, and the deep, clear voice of the captain, created a strange feeling of reverential awe that one never feels in church. Even the most careless were attentive and impressed with the scene.

The glorious Fourth of July was celebrated in a right royal way by the young people, aided by the captain. Early in the morning the Stars and Stripes were given the place of honor at the mast head, and all the flags that could be found were used in decorating the dining-saloon. A few rockets and crackers made the noise and fire necessary for a real American Fourth, and in the evening a procession of "horribles" (and they deserved the name) marched from one end of the ship to the other, to the music of tin plates, knives, and dinner gong — a typical celebration of American independence. Too many details of this sort will tire you, and I will give you only one more scene from our life on the ocean, a sad one, to be sure, but watched with pitying interest — a burial at sea.

Among the steerage passengers was a man and his wife with two little children, the younger a tiny tot of two years. One morning, when within sight of Queenstown, we heard that the little one was dead, and was to be buried at ten o'clock, as the parents had not the necessary money to take the body on shore for burial. As the bells were ringing out the hour the ceremony began. From the deck of the second cabin a sort of inclined slide had been built, and this was draped with the British flag; on this was placed the little rough coffin, fashioned by the ship carpenter the night before, and this also was covered with the flag. The purser stepped to the side of the rude bier and began the service for the burial of the dead. As he uttered the words, "I now commit this body to the deep," the sailors tenderly

forced the little form into the vast ocean, and in a moment no trace of it could be seen. It was a painfully realistic illustration of how little impression we make as we pass out of this life — a little prayer, a few sobs, a disappearance from mortal sight, and then — what?

The first glimpse of land was eagerly sighted, and from then until we reached Queenstown all was excitement. At last, we were actually to see Europe; the dream of life was about to be realized. Leaving a part of our passengers at Queenstown, the majority of the company kept on their way to Liverpool, arriving at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. As we had but a few hours here, we hurriedly dropped bags and budgets, and drove about the city. Although a city of decidedly modern appearance, Liverpool dates back to 1004, at which time it consisted of a castle and a few fishermen's huts; and for several hundred years it remained in that condition. This city was the birthplace of England's greatest statesman, Gladstone, and also of Felicia Hemans, the poetess.

The principal building in Liverpool is St. George's Hall, — the largest hall in Europe, — and, of course, we all flocked there. There are three statues in the space in front of the building. The one in the centre is a life-size figure of Lord Beaconsfield, and on either side are magnificent equestrian bronze statues of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Inside the hall are several fine statues, a magnificent organ, and some celebrated paintings. From here we went to the Walker Art Gallery. This was our first

view of the beautiful in art in Europe, and there were some superb paintings, one of which was particularly beautiful — Tennyson's "Elaine." The light on the lovely face and figure gently floating down the river is wonderful, and a little crowd of admirers is always to be seen here. Another exquisite painting is that of "Ophelia," as she is giving the rue and the rosemary. Such beautiful touches and tints of color are seldom seen; such a strange, sad expression in the eyes haunts one for days. Numberless fine paintings and statues were here, but these two attracted me especially.

The ride from Liverpool to London was indeed a novel one. This was our first experience in the English railway coaches. To me they are anything but comfortable in comparison with the American cars. The scenery out from Liverpool is beautiful; every inch of ground is cultivated, and made to pay. No place, whether away up on the hillside or down in the valley, but is planted with something, and that something growing in the greatest luxuriance. One especially pretty thing is the thorn hedge. This hedge is used instead of fences to divide fields and pastures; you will find it around the flower gardens and the potato patch, the churchyard and the schoolhouse, and for nearly two hundred miles it lines off the railroad track from the fields and streets. Just imagine this lovely green hedge, three or four feet high, all along the roads, winding up and down, over the hills, and into the valleys, and beyond, as far as the eye can reach, great fields fairly sprinkled with scarlet

poppies, growing in the wildest profusion. It was like a great picture spread out before us.

All the way to London are little villages or hamlets, with houses all built from the same plan, and all of brick. In all of the two hundred and twenty-five miles of travel between Liverpool and London not a house or building of wood is seen; brick is used for everything,— houses, barns, walls, bridges, and even gravestones. One might think this would make a very monotonous scene, but the dull tones of the brick harmonize with the foliage of the great trees, and make a perfect blending of color.

On nearing London, early in the evening, we wind through a long tunnel, which, by the way, is in the shape of the letter S, and into the Euston station, so familiar to every traveller in England, and take carriages to the hotel. Now sight-seeing begins in earnest, and as we have a thoroughly well informed conductor, we are enabled to see many celebrated places in the shortest possible time. First of all, of course, was Westminster Abbey. This seems as little like a church as possible, as on every side the walls are lined with the most beautiful statuary. The light streams in through the rich stained-glass windows, throwing a gleam of color here and there upon the magnificent marbles, seeming to almost give them life. As we enter the north transept, on the right wall we see the group of statuary in memory of Admiral Vernon, the great naval commander, and on the opposite wall is the Disraeli group. Down each side the groups are clustered, and under our feet are tablets in memory of

great men. I can only mention a few, and those the ones most familiar to the ordinary reader. The one we first came to was Ben Jonson's. This tablet is of gray stone, and the words, "O Rare Ben Jonson," are set in gold letters, in diamond shape, in the stone. Jonson was buried in an upright position, and his body has been seen twice since: once, in 1849, when Sir Robert Wilson was interred, close by, and once, in 1859, when John Hunter was buried. This spot is one of those eagerly sought out by visitors. Over in the Poets' Corner is a fine marble bust of our own Longfellow, near the tomb of the Earl and Countess of Middlesex, and under it is this inscription, "This bust was placed amongst the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet."

As we were standing in the corner, an attendant requested us to be seated, as service was to begin. Soon the organ breathed out the low, sweet notes of the voluntary, and the boy choir opened the service by singing. Canon Farrar and Dean Bradley conducted the service, and it was most impressive. At its close we visited the tomb of John and Charles Wesley, and found this inscription, "I look upon the world as my parish." In Henry VII. chapel we found the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots. On the top of a magnificent marble sarcophagus reposes a life-size figure of the beautiful, unfortunate queen. The carving of the gown and the laces on this figure is simply wonderful; you feel as if you could lift the lace from the sleeve, it is so finely and perfectly cut. Here one's thoughts naturally turn to Queen Elizabeth, and

in the north aisle of the chapel we find her tomb, equally grand and beautiful; but the thoughts expressed here are entirely different from those by Mary's tomb. In the south aisle is a tablet with the following inscription: "Brought by faithful hands over land and sea, here rests David Livingstone." How much is expressed in these few words! After all of Livingstone's privations and struggles, to be brought by faithful hands from Africa and laid to rest in this beautiful place was almost worth the sacrifices he made. Here we found a large and handsome monument erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton. This is a sarcophagus with a reclining statue on it, and the whole is very beautiful. Probably the Nightingale monument attracts as much attention as any in the Abbey, and it is certainly fine. Every heart is touched by the agonized expression on the husband's face as he is trying to ward off the blow which Death is about to strike, as he creeps from the tomb, and the lovely face of the dying wife as she looks to the husband for protection is very striking. In the Confessor's chapel we find the coronation chairs, one made by the order of Edward I. to hold the famous Scone stone, and the other by order of William and Mary. These chairs are high-backed, wide-armed, pulpit-like arrangements, of carved oak, and the Scone chair is the one in which all the kings and queens have been crowned since 1297; both are covered with the coarsest of burlap, and are "out at the elbows," as one might say, being decidedly the worse for wear. At the time of the coronation these chairs are covered with the

richest of gold brocade, and are placed before an altar on a mosaic pavement brought from Rome in 1267. One might fill a volume of interesting notes about the Abbey, but one can never realize the beauty of it by reading a description, no matter how minute; you must stand inside the grand building, with the soft light from hundreds of richly-colored windows falling on the beautiful marble stones, and hear the music of the grand organ to realize what a place Westminster is.

Next in interest is the Tower of London, and as we drove up to it we realized it was not only one, but many towers; a group of gray stone buildings, mainly of the Norman period. As Tower Hill is ascended a fine view of the great fortress is obtained, and in the court-yard a green space is seen. In the centre of this is a spot marked by a paved place in the grass. On this spot the gibbet was set up in the time of Edward IV., and this was the place where all the executions took place during the Tudor reign. The Traitor's Gate is a special point of interest, for through this passageway many of the royal prisoners were conducted. Queen Anne Boleyn landed here on the second of May, 1536, and never left the gloomy tower again, being beheaded on the Tower green on the 19th. Lady Jane Grey also landed from the boat at this gateway when on her way to trial. Near this is the Bloody tower, and further on is the Keep, or White tower. In this latter tower Raleigh was confined at one time. In the Wakefield tower we found the crown jewels, and the first thing pointed out to us was

Queen Victoria's crown, used for her coronation in 1838. The whole number of jewels in the crown is as follows: Two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three diamonds, two hundred and seventy-seven pearls, five rubies, seventeen sapphires, and eleven emeralds. It is, of course, magnificent, but ordinary mortals would rather look at it than wear it, as it is very heavy. Here also are the crowns of dead and gone kings and queens, with sceptres, tankards, salt-cellars in pure gold,— as large as saucers,— swords, communion services, the collar, the garter, with its motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and a model of the wonderful Kohinoor. The inscriptions on the walls made by prisoners were eagerly inspected, but not very well understood by the majority of the visitors. Many, many interesting things could be told of our visit to the famous tower, but other things must be noted.

One afternoon, just at sunset, a few of the Frazar party walked down to the Old Curiosity Shop, and it was a mystery, apparently, to the street urchins why we were all gazing so earnestly at this little old corner house. It is only one story high, with gable roof, and across the wall is painted in heavy black letters, "Old Curiosity Shop." Inside are two tiny rooms, and here are views of the house, bits of wood cut from the walls, and all sorts of souvenirs for sale. Of course, we all tried to quote something from Dickens' story of Little Nell, but sometimes the quotations were so modernized that the novelist would never have recognized them.

Some fun was had one evening when a party of eleven climbed to the top of a 'bus and rode all through the streets which Dickens had made so familiar to us — High Holborn, Cheapside, Threadneedle, Piccadilly, etc. On our way we passed the Bank of England, a gloomy old stone building; St. Paul's, the second largest church in the world, and built with money raised by taxing coal; Newgate, the famous old prison; and rode down over London Bridge. Riding on top of a 'bus is the thing for the tourist to do in London, and it is really pleasant, for the streets are very smooth and you get a fine view. During our stay in London the German Emperor was there, to open the German exposition, and many and beautiful were the street decorations, especially in the streets through which the procession passed. A drive in Rotten Row gave us a good idea of the elegant turnouts owned by the London gentry, and the rather loud dress of the fashionable English women. St. James' Park; Buckingham Palace, the Queen's town house; Marlborough House, the home of the Prince of Wales; Baroness Burdett Coutts' palace, and other grand homes were shown to us, as well as monuments, parks, and celebrated spots, until we could hardly tell what we had seen.

One queer thing noticed was the way the stagings are erected on new houses. Instead of being nailed together, the boards are bound together with ropes, and these are covered with tar. This makes a very strong fastening, but it seemed a rather crude way of building platforms and the like. One of these queer stagings was on the Parliament building,

where some repairing was going on. We were allowed to go through several of the apartments, the most interesting being the House of Lords. This chamber is ninety feet in length, forty-five feet in breadth, and forty-five feet high, and is magnificently decorated in gold and colors. The ceiling is elaborately painted, and the whole effect is grand. At the southern end of the room is the throne, and here is the throne chair in which the Queen sits when she opens the sessions. On her right sits the Prince of Wales, and on her left the Prince Consort's chair still stands. The throne is raised above the floor level by steps, and is covered with the richest velvet carpet, of a bright scarlet shade, with roses and lions alternately in the pattern, and the whole is bordered with gold fringe.

The crests of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are carved in the panels back of the throne ; dividing this place from the main room is an ornamental fence, handsomely gilded, — "separating the sheep from the goats," as one member of the party remarked. When one remembers that this Palace of Westminster, or House of Parliament, as it is more commonly called, has a water front of nine hundred and forty feet, a faint idea may be had of its great size. The largest square tower in the world is on this building — the Victoria tower. It is four hundred feet high and seventy-five feet square, made of solid concrete, nine feet and six inches thick, covered with brickwork. The lower part is for the sole use of the sovereign, who, when opening Parliament, always enters here, the royal carriage

being driven under the tower to the foot of the royal staircase, within the tower.

Here in London we saw the real chimney-sweep, and a character he was, with his brooms on his back, and his face and hands covered with soot from the crooked chimneys through which he had crawled. I can give you only a glimpse of what we saw in London, but the best way to get a clear idea of life in this great city is to join the Frazarites and see for yourself.

II.

From London to Paris....The National Celebration of the Fall of the Bastile....Art and Religion in the Gay City....Hasty Glimpses of Parisian Life.

It was with pleasant anticipations that the Frazar party packed trunks and grasped hand baggage, ready for the trip to Paris, — *la belle Paris*, — the embodiment of all that is gay and bright in life. After a ride of about fifty miles, we reached Newhaven, and there started to cross the English Channel for Dieppe. The small steamers plying across here are quite fine, but few people appreciate them, — all their attention is given to themselves. After a twelve-days' trip on the "Chester" without a touch of sea-sickness, it was a little annoying to succumb to it on a few hours' ride across the channel. After watching the passengers for a couple of hours, I suddenly felt a queer sensation in the region of my stomach, and thought it wise to get down to the ladies' cabin. On my way there I ran against a member of our party sitting very quietly on a stool; he was of that peculiar color called "greenery yallery," the result of sea-sickness. "Are you sick, Mr. R.?" I managed to stammer out; the most disgusted look I ever saw spread itself over

his face, and, without another word from either of us, we sprang for the rail, there, side by side, to give due homage to Neptune. By the time we reached the quaint old town of Dieppe, nearly every passenger had followed our example.

Here in Dieppe we first realized how apt one is to read signs; one reads them at home almost unconsciously, but when you glance at them here you are puzzled; what do they mean? and what a musical jargon is the chatter about you. In this few hours' ride everything has changed, but the difference in the language is the most striking change of all, and after a two-weeks' stay in France the language has the same fascination for us. A ride of one hundred and twenty-five miles brought us to Paris, that centre where elegance and luxury reign supreme, and we reached the capital when it was at its best, the 14th of July. This is the independence day of the French people, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile. The whole week of the 14th is given up to fun and frolic, but the day of days is glorious. From one end of the city to the other brilliant gas illuminations are used, and in the Place de la Concorde the decorations are magnificent. All the public buildings on the 14th had rows of tiny gas lights across the fronts, and around the obelisk of Luxor; in the centre of the square were strings of gas jets hanging in festoons from large pillars, and wound to the very top of the monument. Colored lights and the national colors were everywhere displayed, and we could hardly realize that we were on really solid earth; it seemed like fairy-land.

In this square, in 1770, during the celebration of the nuptials of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, the discharge of some fire-works caused a panic, and twelve hundred people were trampled to death. It was in this place that the signal was given for the destruction of the Bastile; and here, also, in 1793 and 1794, stood the dreadful guillotine, on which were executed so many of France's famous people. The obelisk of Luxor was presented to the French government by a Pasha of Egypt; it took three years to carry it from Thebes, and cost $400,000 to erect it in its present position. It is of red granite, over one hundred feet high, and is covered with hieroglyphics. The obelisk formerly stood before the Temple of Thebes, and was there 1,500 years before Christ. Looking at this beautiful square, ablaze with light, one could not realize that it had ever been the spot where hundreds of noted men and women had met such fearful deaths. More than 2,800 people were guillotined here in less than four years, and few deserved their fate.

The Place de la Bastille is in the eastern part of Paris, and here once stood that famous prison and citadel of Paris, the Bastile. On the 14th of July, 1789, the enraged people gained possession of the prison, and the next day it was entirely destroyed. Part of the ruins were utilized in building the Pont de la Concorde. Many of my readers have doubtless seen the huge iron key of the Bastile hanging in a case on the wall of the entry at Mt. Vernon. It was presented by Lafayette to Washington, and is now a carefully preserved relic. In the centre of the Place de la Bastille is

a splendid bronze monument, one hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted with a gilt globe, on which is poised a figure of Liberty. A staircase in the monument leads to a railing near the summit; most of us were perfectly willing to take the guide's word for it, when he told us that there was a grand view from the top.

The largest arch of triumph in the world, and the most famous one of Paris, is the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. It is one hundred and sixty feet high, one hundred and forty-six feet wide, and seventy-two feet long, and stands at the northwestern end of the Champs Elysées. The corner-stone was laid in 1806, by order of Napoleon I., but the arch was not completed until thirty years later. It is in the centre of a circular space, formed by the junction of twelve grand avenues, each lined with beautiful trees. The view from this spot is the finest in all Paris. The Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel stands near the space formerly occupied by the Palace of the Tuileries. It is forty-eight feet high, sixty-three feet wide, and twenty-four feet long, and was built to commemorate the victories of Napoleon I. during the years of 1805 and 1806, and by his order. On top of this arch are four beautiful bronze horses and three statues.

From one end of the city to the other, on the night of the 14th of July, every one is wild with joyous excitement. Strolling through the streets, you notice the absence of carriages; all are forbidden to pass through the centre of the city after five o'clock; but such crowds of people as swarm there! Fathers and mothers, with their little ones

trudging along by their sides; young men and women; in fact, everybody is out, singing and dancing. Going into the Place de la Concorde, we saw a crowd gathered and made our way to the front. What a queer sight met our eyes! Two young girls on stilts were dancing as easily and gracefully to the "Blue Danube" waltzes as if they were on a waxed floor. Farther on in the street we found one of our own party playing on a piano, while entire strangers kept time with lively feet to her music. Nothing can equal the brilliancy, gayety, and beauty of Paris on this her great festival day.

It may be of interest to know how Paris is governed. Instead of having one mayor, as in our cities, the place is divided into twenty districts, and each of these has its special mayor and council; all these in turn are under the supervision of a head officer, called the Prefect of the Seine, and he has full charge of affairs. As we passed his house a wedding party was about to enter, and, this being the first one we had seen in this city, we fairly stared at it; but the happy pair seemed entirely unconscious that sixty Americans were watching them.

The next day we took carriages to ride about the city, and a charming ride it was. First, we drove to the Trocadéro, an immense Oriental structure, used for an exposition building; in it is a sacred concert hall, which will easily seat 5,000 people. From the front of the Trocadéro we caught our first view of the Eiffel tower, and such a view! Directly before us was a superb fountain or series of fountains, and just beyond was the tower, the lowest arch of which was far above

the high buildings in the distance. One cannot get an idea of the size of this structure from pictures. Did we go to the top? Well, seven of us started to go, but at the first landing two of the gentlemen declared that the view from above could not be finer, and that they did not care to go farther; so up the next story went the courageous five, and then up still another story to the top. The view here is simply wonderful. From up above the city, nearly a thousand feet, the huge buildings look like miniature houses, the beautiful parks and gardens appear like patches of brilliantly colored brocade, and the men and women — why, we almost doubted that they were men and women, so tiny they seemed. On the first landing in the tower 2,000 people can stand without crowding; on the second, 1,200; and on the third, 700. After walking about for what seemed just a few minutes, examining the souvenirs on sale, and writing postal cards having the Eiffel tower stamp on them, and, by the way, paying thirty-five centimes for the card, and twenty centimes postage, we descended, without any disagreeable motion, to the first landing, and changed elevators. Here we found the two faint-hearted gentlemen, who, after a little, acknowledged that they were dizzy and could not go up farther. The word tower, even whispered, was enough to cause a smile at their expense for many days.

From here we drove past La Roquette, the place where condemned prisoners are held. At this time, we were told, eighteen were awaiting death, and with no knowledge of when the summons would come. After a person is placed

here there is no hope for life. The night before the prisoner's death the proper officers meet and decide his fate. At one o'clock in the morning is begun the erection of the guillotine in the public street, just outside the prison wall, and in two hours it is ready for the horrible work. At half-past three the officers wait upon the condemned man and tell him that in half an hour he is to face death, and at the end of that brief time the awful knife drops and ends his life. The time of these executions is kept secret, so as to prevent a mob; but every night people walk up and down the street watching for some movement toward the erection of the guillotine and the ghastly ceremony. What a strange path curiosity will follow!

Only a little way from here, we visited another gruesome place — the morgue. This is on the banks of the Seine, and thousands of suicides are brought here yearly. The bodies are placed on inclined boards, dressed in the clothes in which they were found, and under them and about them ice-cold water is constantly running. These bodies are exposed behind great windows for three days, and if not claimed by friends in that time, they are buried in the Potter's Field. At this time one old woman and two young men were stretched out before the curiously mixed crowd. There was hardly a mark on their faces, and yet they were fascinatingly horrible. A brief glance was enough to dampen for hours the spirits of our happy party.

As we passed over one of the twenty-eight bridges crossing the Seine, the Palais de Justice was shown to us; but this re-

ceived but little notice when the guide said, "The next building is where Marie Antoinette was confined for several days." All eyes turned toward a gray stone building, having two round towers, with cone-shaped domes, crowded in between two fine marble buildings. Surely, this is the city where happiness and sorrow, wealth and poverty, virtue and vice, have always jostled each other, and always will.

I must tell you something of the churches of Paris. First, and best known, is Notre Dame, situated on the Ile de la Cité. Every one is so familiar with pictures of the exterior of this cathedral, that it seems unnecessary to tell of its two huge towers, eighty feet high, its beautiful statuary, and its rose window. As early as 365 A. D. a church stood on this site, dedicated to St. Stephen. The present edifice was begun in 1160, by Alexander III., Pope of Rome, but was not finished until 1420, almost three hundred years after the laying of the corner-stone. There are three magnificent arched entrances, and above these a row of life-sized statues across the entire front; above these are three windows, an arched one on either side, and the wonderful rose window in the centre; above these is a story, or section, of open arches, and then the towers, the whole making a most imposing façade. In order to get a good view of the church, we walked back from it nearly five hundred feet, and then could realize its grandeur. The inside of the church, as might be expected, is rich in the extreme. Behind the high altar stands the celebrated marble group, the "Descent from the Cross," and many fine paintings are to be found here.

On all sides are altars, and so large is the building that services are held in different parts of the church at the same time, without one company of worshippers hearing a sound from the others.

The Madeleine is another much-visited church, and is a gorgeous one. The walls and floors are of marble, and the ceilings are covered with fine paintings. One peculiar thing about this church is that there are no windows; the light is let in by three cupolas. As we passed up the steps we noticed some heavy white and gold draperies looped back from each side of the centre entrance, and where they joined at the top was a large letter M. in black. We soon found out that these curtains indicated that the funeral of a young person was about to take place in the Madeleine, and the letter M. was the initial of the last name of the dead girl. If it had been the funeral of an old person, the draperies would have been black, with white ornamentations.

The building and columns stand on a platform 328 feet long by 138 feet wide, and a flight of steps extends the entire length of the façade. Fifty-two Corinthian columns, about fifty feet high and five and one-half feet in diameter, surround it. The whole church is built of stone, iron, and copper, no wood being used in its construction. The altar is of marble, and the central group of statuary represents the Magdalen borne to Heaven on the wings of angels. This magnificent church cost more than $2,500,000. Is it any wonder that it is grand and beautiful?

With eager steps we found our way to the Pantheon,

one of the most famous of Parisian churches. It is only a short distance from the Luxembourg Palace, and stands on the site of the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. Formerly the bodies of Mirabeau, Marat, and Voltaire were in the crypt, but they have been removed, and only the empty tombs remain. Here we saw the tomb of Victor Hugo, almost embedded in wreaths, many of them of fresh flowers, but the majority of artificial flowers, made from a sort of silver composition. The way through this crypt is dark and winding, and one needs to keep close to the guide and his solitary candle not to get lost. One young lady of the party stopped to read an inscription on the wall; when she turned to join the others, they were out of sight, and hearing, too. After she had called, and screamed, and fairly shrieked for what seemed to her hours, a guide fortunately appeared and piloted her to her companions. When we groped our way afterward in passages that were dark, she generally waited for us outside.

In the Pantheon are many beautiful paintings, and four large ones attracted especial attention, — those representing scenes in the life of Joan of Arc. The first, "Joan's home, the lambs flocking around the young girl, and the appearance of the angel"; the second, "Joan leading her army"; the third, "Pleading before the king"; and the fourth, "Burned at the stake." An interesting fact about this building is that here Napoleon was married.

Of all the wonderful churches in Paris, Sainte Chapelle

seemed to me the finest, in point of rich coloring. It is one hundred and thirty-nine feet high, one hundred and eighteen feet long, and fifty-five feet wide. The walls are almost wholly of stained glass of the most magnificent kind, as the windows reach from floor to ceiling on three sides. No words of mine can describe the lovely blending of rich soft color we saw before us, as we stepped into this edifice one bright, sunshiny morning. The purples were so deep, the yellows so brilliant, the reds so rosy, and the greens so soft and mellow, that we were silent with admiration ; and although we lost the feeling that we were in a church, the great beauty of the place tended to quiet the voices and hush the footsteps of the large party. In the nave is a small door leading to the Oratoire de Louis XI., a small chamber from which Louis XI. listened to the mass, behind the grating of a tiny window. This church contains one of the many "true" thorns from the Saviour's crown to be found all over Europe. Service is held here only once a year, at the opening of the law courts.

So many things could be told of different churches here, — of the Church of Saint Roch, from which Marie Antoinette was led to execution; of Saint Eustache, with its high altar of pure white marble ; and others, equally interesting; but I must pass on to other things.

One afternoon we took a carriage drive to the Hôtel des Invalides, or Soldiers' Home. This building has a frontage of six hundred and twelve feet, and is four stories high. Here worn-out soldiers of France are given a comfortable

home, at the expense of the government. It was not to see the soldiers, however, that we went to this place, but to see the tomb of Napoleon. Here, in the crypt, rests the great soldier. The floor is in mosaic, with a wreath of laurel inlaid in color. In the centre of this wreath stands the tomb, an immense monolith of red porphyry, weighing 135,000 pounds. The sarcophagus is a single block, twelve feet long and six feet wide. On the pavement surrounding the tomb are the names of Napoleon's principal victories, each one represented by a colossal statue supporting the balustrade. Over the entrance to the tomb is a quotation from his will: —

"I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people I have loved so well."

It was a pathetic sight to see the old soldiers guarding so tenderly the resting-place of the beloved dead. The tomb cost $2,000,000, but that was none too much, say the soldiers, for France to give for Napoleon. A bunch of fresh flowers rested against the base of the sarcophagus, and the sunshine streaming in through the windows seemed to kiss them into added beauty in tender memory of the man who once conquered the larger part of Europe.

In 1790, a law was passed which put a stop to burials in churches, and now Paris has four cemeteries. Père la Chaise, the most noted, was named after a monk, so the story goes, who was confessor to Louis XIV. In this burial place are more than 20,000 tombs built of beautiful marble, above the ground. The guides here, as everywhere else,

have their path and their story perfectly familiar, and in an incredibly short time we passed by the tombs of Thiers, Rossini, Rousseau, Molière, Sidney Smith, De Balzac, and found ourselves, as do all tourists, at the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse. Mark Twain says of this spot, "Go when you will, you will find somebody snuffing over that tomb"; and certainly we saw "somebody snuffing" over it, and, not five minutes afterward, asking in a quiet whisper if any one could tell her "the story about those people." I sometimes look at such people in wonder, and question if they know any real sorrow or deep feeling. Are they sincere, or is it the proper thing to wipe away tears at the graves of unfortunate lovers?

One of the most interesting places in Paris is the Gobelin tapestry manufactory. This factory was founded by Jean Gobelin, in 1450, but in 1662 the government came into possession of it. The public can visit the workshops Wednesday and Saturday, if they have a passport, and the Frazarites availed themselves of the privilege. The tapestries are made in queer sort of looms, the weaver sitting behind the frame work, and working from the back of the carpet. On the wall beside him is a rough drawing of the pattern, in colors, generally the reproduction of some celebrated painting, and the weaver follows the design, pushing the shuttle, filled with wool or silk of the brightest, loveliest shade, through the warp from the wrong side of the tapestry. How he could tell what the result of his labor would be was a mystery to us. Why did he not work from the face of the material? These elegant manufactures are

used only for palaces and buildings of the state, and as presents to foreign governments. Every woman of the company wished she was the representative of a foreign government just then, but not an inch of thread did we get. If you visit Paris, do not miss this wonderful place.

I cannot tell you much of art in Paris, as we went through the galleries hurriedly. The Louvre is one of the largest and grandest palaces in the world, and consists of two parts, the old and the new Louvre. Here we saw Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," known the world over. "The Gleaners," by Millet, representing three women reaping grain, is in this gallery, and is said to be his finest work. "The Death of Queen Elizabeth" attracted much attention. It portrays the aged queen lying on the floor, her head resting on velvet cushions, and about her the faithful serving women. The expression of the face — so firm, yet so full of agony, so hard and cruel, and the keen glance of the eyes, with the shadow of death stealing over the sharp features — is not soon forgotten.

A general halt was made when the guide said, "Here is the Venus de Milo." This celebrated statue stands in the centre of the crimson room, entirely alone, and is exquisite. It seems more like a living woman than anything else, the reflection of the crimson walls giving it almost a flesh tint, and the face is so intellectual, so beautiful, so powerful, that one listens for the spoken word. In the great art palace are works by Murillo, and one always recognizes a Murillo wherever it be; a Titian, the lovely coloring of which can

never be forgotten; a Leonardo da Vinci; a Rembrandt, and other old masters. It takes about three hours to walk through the Louvre without stopping, and in the short time at our disposal only a few of the two thousand paintings could be glanced at.

On a bright day we started for a drive through the Bois de Boulogne, the most splendid park in the world; nothing else in Europe can compare with it. It is more than four miles long and two miles wide, and contains two artificial lakes, surrounding two beautiful islands, on the largest of which is a Swiss chalet, where the hungry and thirsty can exchange a large sum of money for a small amount of refreshments. In the Bois is a race-course, the Hippodrome de Longchamps, of one hundred and fifty acres. The trees are everywhere seen, lining all the driveways, forming small forests, and making the whole park beautiful.

Of all the places we visited, Paris is the cleanest. All through the city you catch glimpses of men with a sort of jointed rubber hose on tiny wheels, no larger than a Boston cracker, washing the streets and then sweeping them. Boys with brushes and dust pans run after teams to gather anything which may drop from them. No one is allowed to throw anything into the streets, not even a bit of paper. In this one thing, at least, Americans might learn a lesson of cleanliness from the French people.

III.

St. Cloud, the Favorite Residence of Marie Antoinette .... The Trianon .... Versailles .... Lausanne and Lake Leman.

Early one morning fifty of the Frazarites took carriages for the places made famous as residences of the French royalty. After a delightful drive of six miles, through some of the most interesting parts of Paris, we came to St. Cloud, the favorite residence of Marie Antoinette. At the foot of a long hill we alighted, and toiled up to the top, then turned to the right, and up another incline, and there, just before us, were the ruins of the once beautiful place. Here are the fountains of St. Cloud, and fine ones they are, too. A little walk brought us to the spot where the palace stood. This building was set on fire by the explosion of shells in 1870, and burned to the ground. As we were going up the steps to the ruins, the special guide engaged for the day asked us to stop a moment, as he had something of importance to say. Every voice was hushed; every one expected to hear about the unfortunate queen. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have arranged with a first-class photographer to have your pictures taken in this historic spot, and shall present a copy to Mrs. Frazar, your efficient manager, as a souvenir.

Please arrange yourselves." Then arose a babel of voices; some wanted the picture; others, clearer-headed, saw through the scheme, and wanted the time to see the place; to "see ourselves as others see us" got the better of most of the party, however, and we perched about in the most graceful postures possible and were "taken," and that in more senses than one. When the artist said, "That will do," this smiling guide told us that any one could have a photo by paying two francs and a half, and that he would deliver them. When we learned that he shared the profit with the camera fiend, no one doubted his story that he had been a "drummer" from New York for six years, but found that there was more money in the guide business in Paris, doing the city with gullible Americans. This is only a slight example of the smartness of French guides.

All about these ruins are beautiful flowers growing, seemingly trying to cover up the unsightly wreck, and make less conspicuous the desolation and decay.

From here we drove out toward the Trianon, stopping in the woods, just outside the grounds, for lunch, served in regular picnic fashion. The Trianon was built for Louis XIV., and is after the Italian style. It was to this place that Napoleon I. retired after his divorce from Josephine. All the apartments are grand, but dreary — not a thing anywhere to indicate that it was once a home. Nowhere, in all this great place, is the slightest sign that a woman ever lived here — no dainty decorations, no delicate bric-à-brac; nothing but empty splendor. The decoration of the saloon

of mirrors cost £10,500; all the walls are lined with magnificent mirrors, and the furniture is upholstered in yellow and crimson brocade; but every chair is set straight against the wall, and has a too-nice-to-be-used appearance. In what is called the Louis XIV. bedchamber we saw the furnishings arranged for Queen Victoria, on a proposed visit here. Inside a fence-like railing stood the bed — a grand affair, truly, but not one that would tend to produce sleep. No wonder the honored guest preferred to rest in a less imposing couch at St. Cloud. The malachite room was interesting, as most of the decorations are of that beautiful green stone. In the centre stands a large vase, looking much more like the basin of a fountain or a baptismal font than a vase. This was presented to Napoleon I. by Alexander I. of Russia, after the treaty of Tilsitt. Two other large vases of this expensive material are in this apartment.

The Petit Trianon, the dear little palace of Marie Antoinette, was passed through hurriedly; and, after visiting nearly all the rooms, we strolled across the grounds to the royal carriage house. On the walls are cupboards with glass doors containing the harnesses and saddles, and they are gorgeous. The finest harness was of red morocco leather, stitched with white silk, and mounted with buckles and ornaments of gold, beautifully engraved. The coronation carriage looks as if it had just come from the hands of the manufacturer; it is mostly of gold bronze and crimson velvet, and weighs more than six tons.

Many of the carriages are named after precious stones, the one in which Josephine was taken to Malmaison after her divorce being called the Opal. Superstitious people can weave a pretty little story out of this fact.

To the grand palace of Versailles we drove next, and on approaching it the first thing we noticed was the great number of trees in the grounds and the way in which they were trimmed; some were of perfect cone shape, some like immense cubes, and others appeared like great mossy pyramids; while all about were beautiful statues and fountains of white marble. One Sunday afternoon in each month these fountains are set playing, and the people gather for miles around to witness the sight. The grand jet d'eau rises from a circular basin to a height of one hundred and forty feet, and discharges five thousand gallons of water a minute. It is said to cost $2,000 to set this series of fountains and cascades in motion; not much wonder that the performance is given but once a month. The interior of the palace is filled with paintings, statuary, and historical collections; but what interested me most, in this grand palace, were the ceilings. Each one is beautifully decorated in white and gold, and in the centre is a superb painting. When you learn that many of these apartments are two hundred feet long, and thirty or forty feet wide, a faint idea of the size of the painting may be gathered. At the time of Queen Victoria's visit to the Emperor, — in 1856, I believe, — the Salon d'Apollon was brilliantly illuminated, and the Emperor and Queen actually danced a quadrille, and this important event is

recorded in history. An act may be notable or not, you see, according to who the person is performing it.

Taking the day express from Paris, we rode by flower-sprinkled fields, through the lovely villages of France, and late in the afternoon made our first stop in Switzerland, at Lausanne. From the station we drove through winding, hilly streets to our hotel; and on being shown to our rooms found some things truly Swiss. The floors were all of polished hard-wood, and oh! so slippery; the beds were high and narrow, with draperies of dotted white muslin, so fresh and white and graceful, that it seemed a pity to disturb them. Here we missed the hotel soap, and in hunting for our own realized for the first time that we were actually "on the continent." One needs to read Mark Twain's little essay on "s-o-a-p, s-o-p-e, s-o-u-p," in "Innocents Abroad" to understand the feelings of some of the party.

In the early evening the moon shone out in all its golden beauty, and the suggestion was made that the party should stroll in the gardens adjoining the hotel. Such a sight as greeted us! There, spread out at our feet, was Lake Geneva, one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, with the Alps as a background, rising directly from the water's edge, and the glorious moon shining on the mountains and casting a reflection over the lake, which seemed to turn all its water into ripples of silver. The scene was grandly impressive, even solemn. A perfect night, with pleasant companions, and such surroundings, can never be forgotten. The beauty of Lake Geneva by moonlight will come to us all over and

over again in memory, but only a few will again have the privilege of gazing upon it.

As we were to stay in Lausanne but a few hours, early the next morning we were out to see the sights. The only level spot in this great town was in front of the cathedral, and here from four in the morning until about nine all sorts of provisions are on sale, almost entirely in charge of women. Standing at the head of a very steep hill, we saw one of the prettiest sights in Lausanne. On both sides of the street were rows of flat baskets, four or five feet long and about two feet wide, filled with the choicest and most tempting fruit, and in the centre of the roadway were great mounds of cut flowers. The venders were dressed in costumes peculiar to the country, and the whole effect was one of rich color and beauty.

Near our hotel was the garden in which Gibbon wrote the most of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," finishing the last chapter as the bells tolled out the hour of midnight; here, also, Voltaire sat and watched the beautiful lake and snow-tipped mountains. The cathedral is very old, having been built in the tenth century; in it are some notable monuments. In the cemetery of Pierre de Plain, John Kemble, the famous actor, is buried.

Lausanne is a celebrated educational centre, about two thousand foreign students taking courses of study at the different institutions; many teachers from other countries were here during the vacation season in their own schools, taking up the languages. In one place we saw a sample of

training it would be well to follow. Hearing some music in a church, we quietly passed through the open door and found about fifty children standing before the singing master, practising for the summer exhibition of the schools. Not a head was turned, not a glance was given to the twenty or more people gazing at them. Every eye was looking straight at the master, waiting for the motion of the baton, and when it was raised a perfect flood of melody filled the church. How many children hereabouts would have resisted the temptation to turn and stare at a party of foreigners, — for such we were to them, — who entered a place where they were singing?

In the afternoon we left Lausanne for Ouchy by a queer little cable road, going through a long tunnel under the streets of the town. It was here at Ouchy that Byron, detained by bad weather for two days, wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon." At the end of the cable road we took the steamer on Lake Geneva, or Lake Leman, as it is often called, for Geneva; a charming ride it was. The water is of the most exquisite shade of robin's-egg blue, and the mountains throw deep, clear reflections into it. All along the borders of the lake are fine residences. Just as we touched at Nyon, the former home of Joseph Bonaparte was pointed out to us, a beautiful chateau; and on nearing Coppet we saw the former home of Madame de Staël; it is a plain building, with a tower at each end, and overlooking one of the finest views of the whole lake.

IV.

THE HOME OF CALVIN, THE REFORMER....A GLIMPSE OF MONT BLANC....QUEER SIGHTS IN BERNE....THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE OF THUN.

Reaching Geneva late in the afternoon, we took carriages for the hotel — a thoroughly comfortable one, having a fine view of the Alps. While we were dressing for dinner a hurried rap was heard at the door, and a voice shouted: "Hurry, and you can see Mont Blanc!" Hurry we did, and almost before the words were uttered we were out on one of the window balconies, field glasses in hand, searching for the famous peak.

"Don't you see it right before you?"

No, we did n't; we saw only a mass of silvery clouds.

"That's it!" was the impatient exclamation. As we watched steadily a little while a slowly-moving pile of fleecy clouds, suddenly there gleamed out, like a mountain of polished crystal, wonderful Mont Blanc. It was sixty miles away, but with the aid of powerful glasses we could see the huge drifts of snow and ice covering it on every side; it was grandly beautiful, especially as the setting sun cast a rosy color over the clouds floating about it, leaving the king of the Alps fairly beaming in his snowy majesty. Only a few

of the party were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of this mountain, as it was covered with clouds during the remainder of our stay, but these few will never forget the glistening beauty of the huge snow-shrouded pile.

After dinner a few of the party decided to go to the daily concert in the cathedral. Walking along by the river Rhone, over the Pont des Bergues, we passed the Rousseau Island, as it is called, in the centre of which is a fine bronze statue of Rousseau. This little island is covered with trees and shrubbery, and in the evening, when it is lighted with colored lanterns, it looks like a bit of fairy-land.

Going through winding, hilly streets, paved with the roughest stones I ever walked upon, we reached the Cathedral of St. Pierre. The pulpit from which Calvin preached, and the chair in which he sat, are still here, objects of interest to all who visit the church. Hardly a thing could be distinguished as we entered the large edifice. A "dim religious light" prevailed; or, to be more exact, two dim religious lights, one at either end of the church, were trying to make the interior visible, and only succeeded in making the darkness more conspicuous; but as the deep, low tones of the organ breathed out a blessing on the few present, no one thought of the surroundings; and when the rich, sweet voice of the soprano soloist floated out in waves of melody, the stillness was intense. Not a glimpse of the singer in the balcony opposite could we get — it seemed as if the glorious voice came from heaven itself.

Quietly, very quietly, we went out from the old cathedral,

and wandered about the streets for a little, watching the people. Here we found the same clusters of tiny tables on the sidewalks as in Paris, where the thirsty or hungry can stop for a moment and obtain light refreshments.

One morning we drove about the city, visiting some especially notable places, the first, and to Americans the most interesting, being the chamber in the Hôtel de Ville where the Geneva award was signed. This is a large square room on the ground floor; the furniture is upholstered in dark green leather, and pictures of the eminent lawyers who were sent over by America to look after the interests of her citizens hang upon the walls. The object of greatest interest here is the representation of the American plough, which stands on an elevated platform at one end of the apartment. It is made entirely of implements of war — bayonets and swords fitting into its construction as if this was the only use to which they could be put. These weapons were all in use in American wars, and were contributed for this special purpose by American soldiers. Coming out from this room, we were shown the Barons' stairway, up which the barons used to ride on horseback to the council chamber. Although it is called a stairway, there are no stairs; it is like a winding staircase in design, but the passageway, which is about ten feet wide, is paved with cobble stones.

One of the celebrated sights of Geneva is the junction of the Rhone and the Arve. The best place to see this is from a garden a few miles out from the city. The two rivers

come rushing along to the meeting place as if each had determined to reach it first. The Rhone is a bright, clear blue, the Arve a muddy yellow, and they flow along side by side, each keeping its distinct path, "like a ribbon, one edge blue and one yellow." Many people wonder why the waters do not mingle sooner; it seemed to me, as I watched the rivers, that the reason was simply that the current of the Rhone was very much swifter than that of the Arve, and thus forced itself along in its own course for miles. The effect is beautiful, whatever the cause may be.

Geneva is the place of all others for music boxes and watches. Going into a store where musical instruments were for sale, we found many surprises. Lifting a dainty china plate, the old familiar air of "Annie Laurie" was heard, and when the plate was examined a cunningly concealed little music box was found. Everything in the store was musical, — the clocks, the lamps, the vases; and even the chairs gave out their little tunes as the people sat on them. The keeper of the shop told us that Americans were his best customers. The watches were beautiful, many of the designs being unique. One that was shown to us represented a pansy; the case was in exactly the shape of a pansy in different shades of purple enamel; a chain of five pansies, also in purple enamel, and graduated sizes, made a useful and very beautiful ornament. Some of the watches were no larger than a three-cent silver piece; others were encased in a ball of glass the size of a small marble, and all of them were exquisitely finished.

On the banks of the Rhone is seen the small army of washerwomen, who do their work out in the open air, where there is plenty of water. Each woman has an inclined board set in the bank of the river, and on this she places the wet garment; then with a pudding-stick affair of wood she pounds and pats, and dips and pounds again, the soiled article until it is clean; then she spreads it on the white sand to dry, all the time keeping up a lively conversation with her elbow neighbor. Such a funny sight as it is to see the fifty or sixty washerwomen going through this pounding and dipping performance.

From Geneva we went to Berne, by rail, along the shore of Lake Leman, through one of the loveliest bits of country in Switzerland. For many miles it seemed as if we were passing through an immense vineyard, on both sides of the track the grape-vines covering the hills and valleys as far as one could see. At the foot of the Alps, on the opposite side of the lake, the quaint little villages looked as if they had been dropped down from the tops of the mountains, and had taken foundation in picturesque irregularity. The different shades of green in the vineyard, the dull red of the brick houses, the dingy gray of those of stone, the shadows on the snow-covered mountains, and the exquisite green color of the lake, made a marvellous picture.

On arrival at Berne the difference in the language is observed at once, German being spoken generally, although a little French is heard. A two-hours' ride was planned for us here, and we drove first to a garden from which a fine

view of the city could be had. We got in without any trouble, enjoyed the outlook, and started for the gate. "You must order refreshments or pay half a franc each before going," said the pert little German girl; as she had the gate locked and the key in her pocket, the conductor made a wholesale trade, and we were free; but, like all bargain-drivers across the water, she came down in her price and took what was given her.

Berne, as almost every one knows, means bear, and this animal is idolized here. Down to the bear-pit we went, and saw two or three of the sorriest specimens ever on exhibition. All the public buildings of the town have bears of some kind upon them, and the principal toys displayed in the windows of the shops are representations of old Bruin.

The cathedral terrace in Berne is more than a hundred feet above the bank of the Aar river, and is built upon a solid wall. The view of the Bernese Alps from this terrace is said to be grand, but low-hanging clouds prevented our enjoying it. The buildings in the principal streets are built with low, wide arcades in front, and through the centre of each street runs a sort of gutter. Every little way is a fountain, and around this will be seen men and women washing quantities of bottles, in which the beer and wine is to be put. The fountain which attracted most attention is called the Ogre. A hideous little man is eating children, and from his pockets, and boots, and hat are little babies peeping out, all ready to be devoured. This fountain might be called a mother's assistant, for disobedient children are

kept in bonds through fear of being given to the Ogre for food. The women here evidently have equal rights in some things, for scores of them were in the streets sawing wood, while the men patiently waited as the children filled the long flat baskets for their fathers to carry into the houses.

At a little before two o'clock we drove to the clock tower, which was at one time a part of the city wall. Workmen were erecting a staging in order to repair the clock, but a fair view was had. Just before the clock strikes, a wooden cock flaps his wings and gives a queer crow; then a few bears come out and walk around an old man sitting on the opposite side from the cock; then another crow is heard, and a court jester, in cap and bells, strikes the hour with a hammer on a large bell; the old man turns an hour-glass, another bear bows to the people, the cock crows a third time, and the show is over.

After a short ride on the train, the steamboat is taken for the sail on Lake Thun to Interlaken. No other lake in all Europe can equal this one, in my opinion. The first part of the journey is by vine-covered hillsides, past lovely villas and chalets; but as we go down the lake a little way the scenery becomes grandly beautiful. The mountains are rugged and wild, and here and there precipices hundreds of feet high are seen. The water of the lake is a deep green, clear as an emerald, and perfectly reflects the mountain side. At times we were apparently headed straight for the jagged side of a mountain, but a sharp turn would give us a clear course and another magnificent view.

A few dark clouds gathered, and very soon we were in the midst of a heavy shower. The rain came down as if to drown the happy party; the lightning was sharp and brilliant, and the thunder rolled from peak to peak in an almost constant roar; the green water darkened, and over its surface the waves broke in white lacey patterns of beautiful design. The Lake of Thun under the sunshine is gloriously lovely; under the storm cloud it is grand and awful.

After passing several tiny villages, we stopped at Darligen, and found a train of observation cars ready to take us in five minutes to Interlaken.

V.

INTERLAKEN, THE LAND OF THE LITTLE PLAIN....THE JUNGFRAU....THE BEAUTIFUL "DUST STREAM" ... THE GRINDELWALD GLACIERS.

Many expressions of regret were heard that we were to get our first view of Interlaken in a heavy shower, but it was a blessing in disguise, for the cloud effects were wonderful. Occasional glimpses of the dark peaks could be had, but the thin clouds hung like a bridal veil before the face of the Jungfrau, or "Maiden." From the station a drive of nearly a mile brought us to the Hôtel Beau Rivage, one of the best houses in the little place, at the end of the main street. Interlaken really has but one street, the Hoheweg, and this is quaint and beautiful. The walnut trees on either side of it form a perfect archway of green for a long distance, and flowers are growing on the borders of the walks here and there. The shops are queer buildings, — low, one-story affairs, with the typical overhanging roof, — and are filled principally with wood carvings and Swiss embroideries. The carvings are in every conceivable design, and are displayed in the most attractive manner. Salad forks and spoons, fruit plates, bon-bon dishes, and all sorts of orna-

mental articles are carved in the most artistic fashion, and found ready buyers in the Frazar party.

Entering the hotel, tired and hungry, we heard the sweetest music imaginable — a band of Swiss troubadours in the large entrance hall singing to the accompaniment of half a dozen mandolins. All through the dinner hour the soft, unfamiliar melodies came to us, as if in welcome.

Now the rain had stopped, the clouds dispersed, and the Jungfrau presented a shining face to us. It seemed about half a mile away, instead of twenty, as it really is, and is the special object of interest in the whole landscape. Nearer to us are lovely green mountains, dotted here and there on the southern slopes with the chalets of the peasants, and just back of them, apparently touching sides, is the snow-covered Jungfrau, glistening and sparkling with frosty beauty as it rises against the clear blue sky. As the sun sinks, a rosy reflection is cast over the mountain, seemingly turning it into pink jasper, as delicate and lovely as the heart of a blush rose; then it changes its garb to one of violet tint, which slowly fades to gray, and then the darkness shuts it from us.

An excursion to Lauterbrunnen had been arranged for us, and early one morning we started for this queer little hamlet to see the Staubbach fall. The road much of the way follows the Lutschine river, a noisy, rushing stream, bordered with grand old pines and wide-spreading walnuts. Here for the first time we saw and heard the Alpine horn; this horn is made of wood, is about eight feet long, and

curved like the stem of a pipe. Every now and then we would come to a peasant leaning on this instrument, as if it were a staff, ready, for a few centimes, to let us hear the musical tones of the horn roll out, clear and sweet, and slowly die away amid the snowy peaks in the distance. All sorts of performances are given on the roadside to get a bit of money from the tourist; one of the most common was the turning of handsprings by small boys beside our mountain wagons. After turning two or three successive somersaults, the little fellows would doff their caps and look the request they would not speak. Little girls offered us fruit arranged in the most tempting way, and gladly took what we chose to give. The Swiss are an industrious, hard-working people, and never hold out the hand for money without giving its full value in return.

At Lauterbrunnen the horses were stabled, and we proceeded on our way to the fall. On one side of the hilly road are rude stands for the sale of wood carvings, embroideries, lace, and ornaments cut from agate taken from the Jungfrau and Silberhorn mountains. The lace is fine and beautiful, and the peasants made heavy sales of their wares to the ladies of our party, while the pocketbooks were hardly lightened, the prices were so low. A piece of torchon lace of very fine pattern, containing eight yards, was bought for six francs ($1.20); it would have cost at least seventy-five cents a yard in Boston.

Following a narrow winding path through green fields, we come to the Staubbach fall, or the "Dust Stream," as it is

sometimes called. It is a slender fall of water coming from a peak of the mountain 900 feet above us, and long before it reaches the earth it breaks into drops that part forever. As the sun strikes the fall it gleams like silver, and the wind tosses it about like a veil of filmy lace. Climbing down the rocky side of a hill, we sat for a while at the foot of the fall, silently watching the beautiful colors reflected in the spray. Reluctantly we took our way back to the little village, at every turn glancing back to get one more look at the silvery cascade.

As we neared Interlaken on our way home, the castle of Unspennen was pointed out to us; the desolate old ruin stands on the side of the mountain, like a fortress, grim in its loneliness and decay. The guides will retail wonderful stories of the hard-hearted old baron who disowned his lovely daughter because she would marry "her own true love," but who forgave her when he saw the tiny grandson, and took them all home to the castle again. Some of these stories are plausible, while some are hard to believe, as are many of the stories reeled off by guides.

A visit to the Grindelwald glaciers was made by a few of us, and we were well repaid. After a twelve-mile ride in the very shadow of snow-crowned mountains, we arrived at Grindelwald, at the base of the Wetterhorn, where guides and saddle-horses were engaged. The saddles had a rail-like fixture running nearly two-thirds of the way around them, and as a safeguard and holding-place this was thoroughly appreciated by some of us. The smallest

member of the party had the largest horse and saddle, and presented a funny spectacle. It was a warm day, and the flies tried the patience of the sober steed beyond endurance, and occasionally one of his hind legs was raised to rout the little pests, at the same time raising his rider about a foot and tipping her nearly on her nose. Horseback riding was always a desired pleasure, but we had enough of it as we plodded up the hilly path to the little hut near the glacier, where we dismounted. A short walk brought us to the grotto, and passing through a broad high opening, we were in the heart of it. All about us was the clear ice, through which a passageway is cut for about a hundred feet. When we first entered the cave it was very cold, but as we stood at the end of the path it seemed much warmer. The color was wonderful — an exquisite tint of bluish-gray, like the heart of a pearl. We were allowed to stay here only a moment for fear of getting chilled ; indeed, we felt much safer outside, although there is said to be no danger. This glacier is more than half a mile long and an eighth of a mile wide, and there are crevices in it hundreds of feet deep. As one of our party ventured near one of these and slipped a trifle, we turned away in dreadful expectation ; in a few moments, however, he joined us, but just a little pale at the "might have been." Nearing the little hamlet again, we caught the last glimpse of the glacier, shining in its blue-green beauty as if it had never been the cause of accident and death.

The costumes of the Swiss women are decidedly pic-

turesque; white waists with immense full sleeves are starched very stiff and ironed until they are as smooth and glossy as satin paper; over these is worn a black velvet peasant bodice, from which hangs a bright skirt; to the left shoulder several fine silver chains are attached with a silver rosette pin, and are again fastened at the waist, hanging in a sort of festoon.

The evenings in this lovely little place are delightful; the Kursaal is brilliant with illuminations and gay with music, and only when we are turned out and the gates are locked do we turn our steps homeward, lingering on the way to listen to the street singers, as the jolly songs ring out on the quiet air of midnight.

We leave Interlaken by the same queer little train that brought us, and after a short ride we take a steamer on the Lake of Brienz on our way to Lucerne. This is a beautiful lake, nestling at the foot of the huge mountains; many interesting things are to be seen along its shores. The celebrated Geissbach Falls are eagerly watched for, and as the boat makes a sudden turn a fine view of them is had. They come rushing and tumbling down over ledges, through an opening in the trees, until the foamy mountain torrent is lost in the smooth blue waters of the lake. The sun shone directly on the falls as we passed, and the Kodaks were put in position at once; but no picture could do justice to the beauty of this sparkling mountain stream.

At Brienz we took cars again for the journey over the Brunig Pass, a distance of seven miles. Up the mountain

side we climb, sometimes on the very edge of a precipice, then around a sharp curve of the mountain, but still upward; while in the lovely green valleys below the chalets look more and more like toys, the cattle and horses dwindle into specks, and the whole landscape is like a glorious picture.

At the top of the pass is a restaurant, and from this several women came to serve us. Refreshments were secondary to the women, however, or rather their style of coiffure. The heavy black hair was braided in broad basket fashion and coiled around the back of the head; through this braid long straight silver hairpins were thrust, giving the effect of a silver rim around the head, or a misfit halo sliding off.

Down a zigzag road, through a forest, we creep to the foot of the mountain, and once more breathe freely. Here Pilatus frowns down upon us; while the Lungern See smiles at us in the sunshine, as if to counteract the gloomy welcome of the grim old mountain on the opposite side. At nightfall Lucerne is reached, and the tired sight-seers are quartered at Hôtel de l'Europe, a fine hotel near the beautiful Lake of Lucerne.

VI.

LUCERNE....THE WONDERFUL LION....ASCENT OF THE RHIGI....THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY....MILAN: ITS CATHEDRAL AND ARCADE.

Our first evening in Lucerne will never be forgotten by the party that attended the concert in the Cathedral of St. Leger. Leaving the hotel in the early twilight, we walked down the promenade beside the Lake of Lucerne toward the centre of the city. The promenade is very broad, and is shaded by fine old horse-chestnut trees; on the opposite side of the street are the splendid hotels, with beautiful gardens in front of them, and the Kursaal. Instinctively our steps turned into the quaint old streets, and to the Church of St. Leger, where an organ concert is given every evening at half-past six.

We approached the ancient, sharp-towered edifice with more of curiosity than reverence, for we were to listen to one of the world-famous organ concerts. Quite a large company had gathered, and while waiting for the organist to begin, we gave a hasty glance about us. The pews of dark wood are so old as to be full of tiny holes, and the seats are uncushioned and uncomfortable; but as the low tones of the organ greet the ear, all else is forgotten. The thunder is

heard in the distance, rumbling and grumbling, and slowly dying away; the sweet notes of the shepherd's lute are heard from the hillside, calling his flock to shelter from the approaching storm; the thunder is louder, the rain is heard on the roof; then the wind whistles and whirls about us, and we fairly shrink from the terrible blast. But listen! a clear, sweet voice is heard, whispering of breaking clouds and sunshine; the wind is hushed, the storm is over, and a glorious song of thanksgiving floats out into the summer night.

"And all this was only an organ concert!" some one says. Yes, only that; but it lifts us out of ourselves into a purer, better state of mind. Eyes are dimmed with tears, voices are silent, and every one is deeply affected as we pass out into the dimly-lighted street. I wish I could give you as beautiful and realistic a description of this concert as is given by Mrs. M. D. Frazar in her "Ten Days in Switzerland." Her pen picture is so clearly drawn that one fairly feels the rain and wind against the face, can see the flash of lightning and hear the thunders roll.

The greatest attraction in this city is the Lion of Lucerne, a monument dedicated in 1821 to the soldiers of the Swiss Guard who died in Paris in 1792 defending the royal cause. The model for this superb monument was sent from Rome by Thorwaldsen, and was carved by a sculptor named Ahorn in six months — a very short time for such a work. An irregular niche, twenty-eight feet long and eighteen feet wide, is cut into the face of a solid rock of sandstone, and

in this rests a dying lion. One paw drops over the edge of the niche in the most helpless manner, while the other is placed over a shield upon which is graven the fleur-de-lis, which he is trying to protect with his last bit of strength. A broken spear is in his side, and from the wound the life-blood is flowing. The expression on the face is almost human in its terrible agony, and one gets the impression that the physical pain is nothing in comparison with the thought that he is losing the power to guard the shield of the Bourbons. At the base of the rock is a little pond of pure water, which reflects the splendid monument perfectly in its clear depths. The sight of this marvellous piece of sculpture alone repays one for the trip across the broad ocean.

Lucerne is divided by the river Reuss, and over this river are four bridges, two of which are very famous — the Capellbrücke and the Muhlenbrücke. The first one is open on the sides, but is covered at the top, and on the ceiling are many pictures representing scenes in the lives of St. Leger and St. Maurice. These pictures are now very indistinct, and one cannot get much of an idea of the painter's design. The other celebrated bridge is decorated with thirty-six paintings, representing the "Dance of Death." A picturesque old tower stands near the middle of the river, and in this ancient records are kept. This tower was formerly a lighthouse, and from it came the name of the city — Lucerne, or lighthouse.

The excursion up the Rhigi was charming. Leaving

Lucerne by one of the little steamers, a short sail brought us to Vitznau, where we took observation cars for the ride up the wonderful Rhigi. The ascent is very steep — an incline of one foot in every four, I believe. The ground nearly two-thirds of the way up is cultivated to the very edge of the track. As we climb up and up, the view is grandly beautiful. Below us are the tiny hamlets nestling here and there beside the lake, dotting the mountain side, and hiding in the dark woods in the distance. Just beyond us mighty Pilatus rears his head among the clouds, a stern and gloomy sentinel for the smiling, sun-kissed valley below us. Near the top of the Rhigi the ground is covered with grass thickly sprinkled with lovely bluebells, nodding their tiny heads as if to ring out a song of thankfulness for the beauty about them. The summit of this mountain peak is five thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the view is beautiful beyond description. Looking below us, we see perfect waves of mountain peaks, the fleecy clouds floating about them shining like spray in the sunshine. A fine hotel is kept here on the Kulm, and there are several stands for the sale of souvenirs. The outlook was more beautiful as we descended, I think, for the objects became more and more distinct; it seemed almost as if the earth were rising to us, instead of our going down to it.

Leaving Lucerne, on our way to Milan, or Milano, as the Italians call it, we went through the wildest scenery we had yet passed, many times on the verge of a precipice, looking

down upon smiling fields and purling brooks, then darting into tunnels and out again to meet another fascinating bit of scenery. I counted sixty-seven tunnels, many of them more than a mile long, and one, the St. Gothard, the longest tunnel in the world, being nine miles in length. We rushed through this in a little less than twenty minutes, and on emerging could count three tracks below us where we had been climbing up the mountain. A curious thing about this railroad is that many of the tunnels circle the mountain — that is, they come out almost directly over where they go in. In one place we went back over nearly two miles of our way and then back to the second point, in order to ascend the mountain.

At about five o'clock we crossed the line into Italy, and even before this the country began to look very different from Switzerland. We missed the picturesque chalets upon the mountain sides, and the mountains themselves, and in their places we saw the queer Italian villages, with their plaster-covered houses, the great chestnut and walnut trees, and the oleanders. One cannot imagine the oleanders in this country. They fringe the waysides and the old walls like great trees, and are covered with thousands of blossoms. Here, also, we find the white oleander growing in with the deep pink ones, and the combination of the pink, white, and green is exquisite.

In Milan is the third largest cathedral in the world, and its beauty astonishes every one. It is built entirely of white marble in the form of a Latin cross, and is four hundred

and ninety feet long, one hundred and eighty feet wide, and three hundred and fifty-four feet high. The outside is a forest of pinnacles, and it is estimated that there are four thousand four hundred life-size statues on the outside, with places for one thousand five hundred more. Inside, the building is superb; great pillars, ninety feet high and eight feet in diameter, support the vault, but do not prevent a clear view. Toward the front of the church is a sort of railing built about an iron-covered spot, and directly under this is the crypt, where repose the remains of St. Charles Borromeo, an archbishop of Milan of the sixteenth century, who devoted his life and gave an immense fortune to the care of the people sick with the plague. This crypt is built entirely of silver, and the sarcophagus is of gold and silver. On the outside of this are tiny hooks, on which are hung rings, set with precious stones, gold coins, necklaces, and every sort of valuable trinket, given as tributes to the saint's memory and good works. Our guide, after describing the sarcophagus and crypt, turned a sort of crank, and slowly and solemnly let down the front of the outer casket, exposing to view the inner one, which contained the body of the saint. The inner casket is of plate-glass and gold, and as the guide held the candle above one of the glass panels we gradually realized that we were looking at what was a great and good man hundreds of years ago.

The head and face were very brown — about the color of burned coffee; on the head was a crown studded with

beautiful jewels. The body was dressed in a magnificent robe, embroidered with gold and jewels; on the first finger of the right hand was a diamond-shaped ring, set with the finest, whitest diamonds; suspended from the centre of the casket, hanging toward the breast, was a cross of emeralds about five inches in length. The main section of the cross had five emeralds, each as large as a dime, and there was one on either arm of it. They were of the deepest, clearest green, and were surrounded with rose diamonds. What a strange sight it was! A man who had devoted himself to the plague-stricken people, and who disliked show of any kind, to be literally covered with the most magnificent jewels and put on exhibition! In a country like this, with the poor on every corner, it would seem more in accord with St. Charles' life to sell these jewels and give the proceeds to the poor.

In this cathedral is also shown the towel with which Christ wiped the feet of the disciples, and from the ceiling above the altar hangs a casket in which is a nail from the cross on which Jesus was crucified. Once a year this is carried through the streets with great pomp and solemnity, and then suspended from the ceiling again for another year. A part of Christ's purple robe is here, as well as the rod of Moses, and many other sacred relics.

Here in Milan we saw the world-famous painting of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. This painting is in the refectory of the old church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, and has received pretty hard usage. It is painted on the wall of the building, and in many places is indistinct; but it

is wonderful now, after five hundred years' existence. Considering that this building was at one time used by Napoleon for barracks, it is remarkable that anything is left of the painting. The coloring is still rich, and the Saviour's face has a sweet, patient expression, pitiful in its sadness. In the refectory copies of the original painting are on sale; one fine one was shown to us, valued at ten thousand francs by the artist, who was present.

The Arcade, or Gallery of Victor Emanuel, is an immense building of stores or shops. It is like streets of stores, with a large square in the centre, all under one great roof of iron and glass. In this square are seen hundreds, yes, thousands, of people, eating, drinking, lounging, shopping, — in fact, doing all sorts of things. This is the place, of all others, for Americans to exchange their money for trinkets of all sorts.

La Scala was another interesting place visited. This is the largest opera house in the world, and is splendidly decorated. There are six tiers of boxes, two hundred in a tier, with the royal box in the centre; the stage is one hundred and fifty feet deep, and as we walked about it it seemed like a great hall itself. The opera house seats about four thousand people, and it is here that Patti charms the native Milanese. Milan is a modern city in appearance compared with Italian cities in general, and is very beautiful. We left it with regret, but leave it we must, for the Frazarites were booked for Genoa, the home of Christopher Columbus, and, as true Americans, must pay their respects to Christopher's birthplace.

VII.

GENOA, THE HOME OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS....THE CAMPO SANTO....A VIEW OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA....PISA AND THE LEANING TOWER.

Genoa, with its hosts of ships in the harbor, above which the city of palaces rises five hundred feet to the tops of the hills, is truly Genoa Superba, as she has been called for centuries. From the park we had our first glimpse of the Mediterranean, the most beautiful body of water the sun ever shown upon. Just across a little walk from our hotel is a statue of great interest to Americans, that of Christopher Columbus. It is of white marble, and stands on a pedestal decorated with ships' prows; a figure of America is kneeling at the feet of Columbus, and the monument is surrounded by four figures representing wisdom, strength, religion, and geography.

Many people fail to see much of interest in Genoa, but to me it was intensely interesting. In the older part of the city are many streets that are so narrow that carriages cannot go through them, and some of them a man could reach across, touching his finger tips to the tall houses on either side. Here one sees Italian life as nowhere else, and it is the quaintest old city imaginable. Down through

the narrow by-ways go the mules, with huge hampers strapped on either side, holding bread or vegetables, grass or sand, or anything which is to be transported from one place to another.

To strangers, it seems as if these Genoese people never slept, for all night long they are about the streets. I will tell you about a little scene I witnessed at half-past three in the morning. Hearing a man singing in a rollicking, boisterous manner, and a shuffling and scuffling of feet on the sidewalk, I jumped from bed, and rushed to the window to see what the matter was. On the opposite side of the street from the hotel was the singer, with his arms about another man, waltzing to the music of his own voice, while the whole street was brilliant with electric lights. Such a queer sight as it was! In front of the railway station stood the carriages which had been about the city through the day, and down the street, as far as one could see, were men, smoking and laughing, bare-headed women leading tiny children, and all promenading and chatting in a careless, happy way. The trams, or horse cars (queer institutions!), were running, too, and were well filled with jolly parties.

One morning four of us took a carriage and drove to the palace of the Marquis Pallavicini, one of the grandest palaces in Genoa. The ride was about seven miles, and all by the clear, blue Mediterranean. The color of this sea is wonderful, — near the shore the water is as blue and clear as a sapphire; farther out it shades into purple, rich and

glorious; then, as the sun shines down upon it, we trace a tint of greenish hue; but loveliest of all is the Pompeiian red shade, stretching out into the distance, — a magnificent blending of tints.

We were allowed only to go through the grounds, but that was a privilege. Here were immense trees and rare plants from every country; and, in the most unexpected manner, we would turn from a section of laurel and India pines into a perfect wilderness of tropical plants, then into a rose garden, and so on, from one display to another, through winding shady paths, until we reached the grotto, on the subterranean lake. This was the finest of all. Drawn up to the opening was a boat, with a happy-faced old boatman, ready to show us through the wonderful place. This grotto is entirely artificial, winding here and there, and the roof is covered with stalactites, brought from Capri, and many other places, and fastened to the cavern in such a way as to deceive almost every one. A gentleman who had visited the caves in America where stalactites abound could hardly be convinced that man made this charming place, and that these beautiful shapes had not formed here. On emerging from it, a little island is seen in the centre of a lake, and upon it is a miniature Temple of Diana, with a finely-sculptured statue of the goddess standing in the centre.

Truly, the unexpected always happens, for at almost every turn beyond the temple sprays of water seemed to spring from beds of flowers, from the sides of the walks, from almost every place, in fact, giving the visitor a little

sprinkle, and causing a hearty laugh. At one point was a swing, and after useless attempts to seat our little laddie in it, a gentleman of the party got in, to have a little sport; as the swing went slowly back and forth, a tiny stream went trickling down his neck, another toyed with his moustache, and suddenly spread over his face; as he swung further out and back, a perfect downpour came, and he saved himself a wetting by opening an umbrella. While we were laughing at his sorry plight, we were suddenly forced to run from the stream behind us; then they rose up in front of us, then on both sides, and we received almost a shower-bath from them.

After a lunch in one of the tiny out-of-door gardens, we went for a long walk around the older part of the city, following the city walls of the tenth and twelfth centuries. It was the most interesting and instructive four-hours' tramp I ever made. One thing of especial interest was the house in which Columbus was born — a tall, narrow building, in a still narrower street, and not occupied at present. The government owns it now, and is soon to convert it into a museum. The birthplace of Columbus is a disputed question, some claiming that the honor belongs to the little village of Cogoleto, about sixteen miles from Genoa.

The churches of Genoa are many and ancient, the Cathedral of San Lorenzo being the most interesting. The outside is of horizontal stripes of black and white marble. The inside is rich in carving, gilding, and paintings. The chapel of St. John the Baptist is said to be the most beautiful part of the structure; but as Pope Innocent

VIII. made a law prohibiting women from entering it except on one day in the year (the death of the saint having been planned by a woman), the representatives of the fair sex in the Frazar party stayed outside while the men, feeling their greatness, went in, only to come out and tell us all about it in the usual masculine way. In this chapel is the Sacro Catino, the dish used by Christ in the Last Supper. This dish was given by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, and was considered so valuable that the Jews lent the Genoese four million francs on it. After it was brought to Genoa the lovely emerald bowl was guarded by twelve noblemen, and was shown to the public only once a year. After a time it was broken, and what had been looked upon as a priceless article proved to be only a bit of ancient glass.

The Church of the Ascension was built by a private family, and is perfectly magnificent in frescoes and gilding. One of the church guides led the way to the rear of the church, back of the altar, and through a doorway into a dark entry. As we hesitated a bit about going further, he explained to us in broken English, or more like broken Italian, that he would show us the holy of holies. He unlocked an immense closet door, and we gazed upon the most realistic sample of wood carving I ever saw, the group of life-size figures representing "The Descent from the Cross." The costumes of all the figures were painted in lovely colors, but the face that stood out almost to the exclusion of the others was that of the Saviour. The expression of agony, of patience, of hope even, words can-

not describe. From the hands and feet the blood was dripping, and a tiny stream was flowing from the side, spattering down upon the floor. Paint and woodwork disappeared, and an awful reality was before us. With an exclamation of horror, we turned aside, glad to see the plain, rough boards of the dusty entry.

Of all the notable places in Europe, the Campo Santo at Genoa is the most beautiful. This public cemetery, or "resting place of the saints," is a little way out of the city proper, and is large enough to accommodate sixty thousand bodies. It is a vast corridor, extending around an immense square of ground, filled with graves marked with tiny crosses. This corridor has open archways facing the square, while the other side has closed archways. The whole structure is built of marble, and every slab in the wide floor is a cover for a grave. In these archways one can see some of the finest statuary in all Italy. At one tomb the iron door seems to be only partially closed, while the beautiful figure of Hope stands before it, pointing upward. Beside a white marble tablet, a little further along, stands a figure of a priest, or, rather, a mendicant friar, every outline perfect, every feature clear cut, and the posture so natural that one wonders for a moment if it is really only marble. The most life-like statue in the whole collection is that of a man apparently leaning against a snowy tablet; the statue is cut from dark gray stone; the costume is like the ordinary street suit; and as he stands there, in an attitude of deep grief, one passes quietly by, fearing to disturb the mourner.

The combination of the white and gray marble tends to make the picture a reality to us. The monument which to me seemed the most exquisite stood at the end of the first corridor; it was of the purest white marble, the base representing a large vase, in which a rosebush was growing; the bush was covered with rose buds and full-blown roses, and on the largest and highest blossom was poised the figure of a beautiful little girl, holding up the skirt of her dress, which was filled with roses. The face was lovely, and the figure was wonderfully graceful. It took us two hours and more to walk through this corridor, and in that time we could only catch a glimpse of the splendid statuary about us. If ever you visit Genoa, reserve half a day, at least, for the Campo Santo.

Again we pack trunks and start, this time for Pisa, arriving there in the middle of the afternoon, and driving at once to the Grand Hotel. Such a queer room as we were shown to! It was large enough for half a dozen, but the special thing I noticed was the floor. This was of stone and brick, and as I walked about my boot-heels made such a noise that my next door neighbor shouted out: —

> "Rattle your bones over the stones,
> You're only a tourist whom nobody owns."

This hotel was formerly a famous convent, and is full of queer little corners. Short flights of stairs lead to what seems a solid wall, but on examination a door is found, covered with the same paper that is on the walls; three feet

away one could not see a trace of an entrance. What is now the parlor was the dining-room of the nuns, and the present dining-room was formerly some of the private rooms. It is a queer old house, but homelike and comfortable.

Pisa was built three hundred years before Rome, and has been destroyed seven times. The Arno flows through the quaint city, and is yellow, muddy, nasty; but the Campanile, or leaning tower, is what we came to see, and after dinner we started out to visit it. After a ten minutes' walk, we reached the square containing the four celebrated marble buildings — the Cathedral, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo; but the tower is the great attraction. It is built of marble, is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and looks just like the pictures of it in an old geography. It is said that after the first story was built the architect discovered that it had settled several inches on one side; then, when the second story was added, the columns were cut enough longer on the sunken side to make it level; then the third story was added, and yet it tipped; when the fourth story was built another effort was made to straighten it by putting the longer pillars on the sunken side; but it was of no use, and now the eight-story tower leans thirteen feet out of perpendicular. We toiled up two hundred and ninety-four steps, and obtained a fine view of the country around, but most of us were glad to start for the base. As you wind round and round in the descent a curious thing is noticed — on the side toward which the tower leans, the steps are worn on the outside;

on the opposite side of the tower, the steps are worn on the inside; so we go from one edge of the stairs to the other, stepping in the same places so many have trodden before us, helping to make the pathway a little deeper.

The cathedral is in the form of a Latin cross, and the façade is very grand. The pillars in the interior were taken by the Pisans in different wars, and are beautiful. The especial object of interest here is Galileo's lamp. It is of bronze, and looks like a chandelier suspended by a large wire rope from the ceiling. A slight touch with a cane sent it swinging back and forth, slowly and evenly, and the first pendulum was before us.

The Baptistery is opposite the cathedral, and is one hundred and sixty feet high and one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The principal feature is the pulpit, which is hexagonal in form, and has upon its sides representations of the "Nativity," the "Adoration of the Magi," and the "Last Judgment." This building has a wonderful echo, and all sorts of sounds were made in order to hear the repetition. A curious object met us at the door as we passed out — it was a man dressed in a coarse black robe reaching to his feet, while on his head was a covering of the same material, fitting closely the back of the head, and falling over the face in a pointed piece, reaching nearly to the waist; in this mask-like affair were two holes, through which keen black eyes could be seen, and that was all. Everything about this person was black, even the charity box which he pushed toward us for alms.

The Campo Santo here is decidedly peculiar, being a square of ground enclosed by a quadrangular building, decorated with all sorts of antiquities. The walls are covered with frescoes, representing Scripture texts, by some of the famous old masters. The earth in the square inside the building was brought from Jerusalem, fifty-three ship-loads being taken from Mount Calvary for this special purpose.

For hours we walked about this beautiful city, but scarcely met a person. The solitude is so strange, so indescribable! All the houses appear to be closed, the streets are deserted, and everything is so quiet and still, that one feels as if something must have happened that has called the inhabitants away, with the exception of the beggars — they follow everywhere, and a singular fact is, they all claim to be blind. These beggars will reach out dirty hands, look at you with the brightest eyes, and stammer out, "Pooı blind man," at every corner; evidently thinking "poor blind man" in English means money, for, as we approached the Baptistery, a woman, with two little girls clinging to her skirts, stretched out her hand and repeated the words, "Poor blind man!" and pointed to a pocketbook carried by one of the ladies of our party.

We must not linger in this sleepy old town, whose inhabitants are kept alive by the income derived from an architectural blunder of hundreds of years ago, but must up and away to Rome, the Eternal City.

VIII.

ROME....ST. PETER'S....THE VATICAN....CHURCH OF ARA CŒLI AND THE LITTLE BAMBINO....THE SCALA SANTA....THE APPIAN WAY....THE CATACOMBS.

Leaving the quaint old town of Pisa at about two o'clock in the afternoon, we rushed through a level country near the sea, to the place farthest south in our trip — Rome. In the late afternoon, as the setting sun was shedding a golden light over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, we saw in the distance the island of Elba, where Napoleon lived for a little time, after he had abdicated at Fontainebleau. Here he retained the title of emperor, with the sovereignty of the island, and an income of six million francs; but ambition urged him on, and at the end of ten months he escaped from Elba, only to be finally defeated at Waterloo.

At ten o'clock the lights of the great city blinked and twinkled, and grew brighter and brighter, and soon we were at our journey's end, tired and dirty, but heartily welcomed by half a dozen of our party, who had omitted Pisa and made a short visit to Pompeii. How hard it was to realize that we were really in Rome, the Eternal City! Just at that time, however, we thought more about a lunch than about the Cæsars, and were more anxious to retire than see the

Pope himself. Our rooms in this Hôtel de Paris were pretty, and decidedly American in style of furnishing. Brussels carpets covered the floors, lace draperies fell before the long windows, cosy arm-chairs were drawn close to the little tables, and a general air of comfort prevailed. The hotel was "run" by Mrs. Landlady and her husband, as one could readily see if anything out of the ordinary was wanted.

The morning following our arrival every one was up to see the old, old city of ruins; but where were the ruins? "Outside the walls," you are told, and so it seemed. Rome is so modernized that one is disappointed in it, for it is much more like New York than our idea of it; and how can it be otherwise, when old buildings are torn down and elegant marble blocks replace them? Between 1872 and 1886 eighty-two miles of new streets were opened, three thousand one hundred new houses were built, and the population increased from two hundred and forty thousand to more than four hundred thousand. The work of enlarging and improving has been pushed steadily forward, until now everything looks new and beautiful.

After breakfast the landlady told us that at the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, at ten o'clock, we could see a ceremony that was held but once a year (the fifth of August), and which commemorated a miraculous fall of snow which fell one August on the exact spot where the church now stands. This church was founded in 352 A. D. by Pope Liberius, and it is called the Liberian Basilica. The

edifice is very beautiful. A long flight of magnificent marble steps leads to the entrance, and here we ran against a queer sort of curtain hanging in the doorway. This curtain was made of heavy leather, and was like a cushion of a carriage, being stuffed with some material, fastened at intervals with buttons, and having a deep fringe across the bottom. It is so heavy that one is glad to give a few centimes to the man who stands ready to push it aside to let the visitor enter.

The church inside is gorgeous in its decorations. The ceiling is covered with gold taken to Spain from South America, and presented by Ferdinand and Isabella to Alexander VI. Inside the altar rail, near the door, when we entered, were about sixty priests and bishops performing some religious ceremony, while high up toward the glittering ceiling tiny white atoms floated, and fluttered, and drifted downward. It must be snow! nothing else could be so white, so feathery, so beautiful. Down, down, came the dazzling flakes, finally touching the marble floor, only to be frantically gathered up by the tiny children, the fathers, and the mothers; even I went down upon the floor, determined to discover what this lovely deception was, and found that it was a shower of white rose leaves, making the best imitation of snow-flakes imaginable, as they are thrown from the lantern in the dome, and fall, oh! so gently, among the worshippers. These rose leaves are blessed by the Pope, and are eagerly gathered by the people to carry away.

In a little chapel leading from the church we listened to a

part of a service, but the crowd was so dense, that one could hardly breathe. The great attraction was the procession of bishops, archbishops, and the cardinal. This important person was led in by two attendants, in magnificent robes of crimson and black satin, and white lace, and was seated with the greatest solemnity; then one of the attendants placed a crimson and gold footstool under the feet of the cardinal, while the other spread out the long train of the splendid scarlet robe. Another footstool placed under my feet, or a few inches added to my shortness, would have given me a better view of this display, and my readers, consequently, a better description of it.

It was with a feeling of keenest interest that we started for St. Peter's, the largest church in all the world. The immense colonnades, curving up to the great piazza, each contain one hundred and fifty-two columns, forty-two feet high, and the five great entrances, with the magnificent pillars, make an imposing façade. Inside the church, one feels a bit disappointed at first, since everything is in such perfect proportion that one fails to realize its magnitude. A few measurements will give an idea of the size of this great marvel of Rome. The façade is 379 feet long, and 143 1-2 feet high; the grand entrance is 468 feet long, 66 feet high, and 50 feet wide; the interior of the building is 613 feet long; the nave is 153 feet high; and the transepts are 44 feet long. The interior of the dome is 139 feet in diameter; the exterior, 195 ½ feet; the height from the pavement to the top of the cross is 448 feet, or more than twice the height of Bunker

Hill Monument. In the floor are set bronze stars showing how much space St. Paul's Church, London, the Milan Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and other large churches would cover. Three centuries and a half were required to complete this structure, and it cost more than $50,000,000.

Walking along through the grand church, we wonder how the paintings all about us have retained the freshness of their beautiful colorings so perfectly for hundreds of years; on closer examination, we find they are not paintings at all, but mosaics of the finest kind. The work is marvellous. The blending of the colors is perfect, and it does not seem possible that the strong, beautiful faces, the rich velvet robes, the filmy laces, are only bits of colored glass. Beneath the dome is the grand canopy of bronze which covers the tomb of St. Peter. It was cast from bronze stripped from the Pantheon. Under this canopy is the high altar, which stands directly over the relics of St. Peter. Near the altar is a sunken spot surrounded by a white marble balustrade, and in this place is a statue of Pius VI. kneeling before the tomb of St. Peter. This statue is very large; the robe falls over the figure in graceful folds, and the heavy embroidery and dainty laces are reproduced perfectly. When the master throws aside the tools and declares his work complete, how the marble disappears and the living, breathing presence comes to us!

Of course, we all had read about the bronze statue of St. Peter, and how the toe had been worn away by the kisses of devout worshippers. On the right side of the nave we

found the statue. The right foot is extended, and the great toe is worn away considerably. When one remembers how hard the bronze is, it is impossible to imagine how many people must have pressed their lips to this sacred foot in order to have had so much of it disappear. One person, under the circumstances, "more nice than wise," waited until most of the party had passed on, and then, with a quick little movement, whisked out a dainty lace handkerchief, rubbed the toe briskly for a second, and then kissed it. If the spirit of St. Peter could have entered the statue just then, what would have been the result, I wonder?

Near the grand entrance is a round piece of porphyry, on which the emperors were crowned. A little way to the right of this is a little chapel, and here we witnessed a christening. The tiny infant slept, until the priest thrust his finger, covered with salt, into her mouth, and then she noisily rebelled. The parents seemed delighted at this display of temper, and passed the baby from friend to friend, finally offering to hand her over the rail to a Frazarite, who smilingly declined the honor, and we started for the Vatican.

Through the right colonnade of the piazza of St. Peter's, up the grand staircase we went, and at the top were met by the Swiss guards in their picturesque costumes of scarlet and black. The Vatican is three stories high, and contains nearly eleven thousand rooms. Standing in one of the corridors, we gazed across a beautiful garden to the apartments occupied by the Pope, and wondered just what room he was

in, and wished, oh! so earnestly, that he would come to the window for just a moment. This great head of the Catholic Church has not been outside the Vatican grounds and St. Peter's for eleven years, considering himself a sort of prisoner.

We went to the Sistine Chapel to see the great frescoes of "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo. This work covers the entire altar wall at the end of the chapel, and it is wonderful and awful beyond description. If the last judgment proves to be anything like Angelo's conception of it, may God's loving pity spare us all!

I can tell of only a few of the beautiful things in this magnificent building, since it would require an immense volume to mention all. In one room we found only three pictures, but each one is priceless — "The Transfiguration," by Raphael, his "Madonna da Foligno," and "The Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino. "The Transfiguration" was the last work of the great painter, and was finished by some of his pupils after his death. The figures of the prophets and the three disciples are wonderfully life-like, while the face of the Saviour is exquisitely lovely. In the Court of Belvidere are some famous statues: the one which attracts the most attention is the Laocoon, representations of which are so familiar to every one. Two modern paintings in the Vatican are surpassingly fine; one, the "Martyrdom of St. Alexander," hangs near the door of one of the splendid rooms, and is startlingly realistic. Away in the distance stretch the

deserted fields; in the foreground, the headless body of St. Alexander lies upon the stone floor, the neck covered with a velvet mantle. The central figure of the picture is a woman just stepping down from the floor to the pavement; about her head is a velvet scarf, and in her hands, on a loosely gathered linen cloth spattered with drops of blood, rests the head of St. Alexander. The expression on the face of this woman is so sad, so sweet, so helplessly desolate, as she presses the head to her breast, that it haunts one for days; the dark auburn hair and the beard of St. Alexander surround a face that has strong, beautiful features, but is ghastly and gray in the death tint. I think the photographs of this picture were more eagerly sought than those of any other in the Vatican. The other picture is the hanging of the martyrs. The figures are fine, the faces strong and hopeful, even as the eyes rest on the ropes dangling from the beam above, and the coloring is exceeding lovely; but one turns away with a shiver of horror.

The Lateran Basilica is built on the site of the house where Plautius Lateranus was put to death by Nero. This basilica was founded in the fourth century, and now a few columns of the original structure may be seen in the nave. At one of the entrances is a bronze door which was taken from the Temple of Peace in the Forum. In this church is a cedar table, and it is said to be the one on which the Last Supper was spread. Near here is the "Chapel of the Popes," where all the popes are crowned. Opposite is the portico of what was formerly the "Palace of the Popes."

In this portico, which adjoins the private palace of the popes, is the Scala Santa, or the sacred staircase. These stairs were in the house of Pilate, and were the ones over which Jesus passed on his way from his trial. Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, went to Jerusalem to get the true cross ; failing in this, she brought back to Rome, in A. D. 326, twenty-eight steps from the grand staircase in Pilate's house, and here they are placed. The steps are deemed so sacred that strips of wood are fastened across them to prevent any one from touching them. No one is allowed to go over the stairs, unless on his knees. Some idea of the travel over them may be had when it is learned that they have been covered with hard wood six times since the seventeenth century. It is strikingly impressive to see scores of earnest worshippers ascending these sacred stairs, stopping to repeat a prayer wherever the blood stains are seen. These stains are said to be those of the blood dropped from the Saviour's brow as he descended from Pilate's house, wearing the crown of thorns. I was glad to see that many who differed in belief ascended to the chapel by one of the narrow flights of stairs which are on either side of the Scala Santa. If we do not agree in our views, we can, at least, respect each others' ideas.

It was while devoutly ascending this staircase on his knees that Luther remembered the text, "The just shall live by faith." At once he arose from his knees and left the place, and very soon after began his glorious work of the great Reformation.

Following a narrow street a little way, we came to the Mamertine Prison, where St. Paul and St. Peter were confined. In this dark little cell, in the centre of the floor, is the well of water which miraculously appeared for Peter to baptize his jailers. In a stone slab, on one side of the cell, is an impression of a face, said to be St. Peter's, the impression being made when he was thrown against the wall by his cruel keepers. I do not believe that St. Peter himself would vouch for the truth of this story, or recognize his own face.

From here we went to the square in front of the Capitol — the Piazza di Ara Cœli. On the left of this square is the church of Santa Maria di Ara Cœli, which contains the wonderful Santissimo Bambino, or image of the Christ-child. According to tradition, this Bambino was carved by a pilgrim out of a tree which grew on the Mount of Olives, and was painted by St. Luke while the pilgrim was sleeping over his work. The image stands on a cushion of richest satin and lace. The little body is covered with a complete casing of gold and precious gems; over the baby face a rainbow of lovely colors is thrown from the jewel-encrusted crown upon its little round head. The Bambino is carried about among the sick, and is said to heal all diseases, and its little nose has been "quite kissed away by dying lips." At sunset it is exhibited to a crowd of worshippers, who watch for it in almost breathless silence, and who gaze upon it with loving adoration. This church has a peculiar interest in connection with Gibbon, the historian, for as he

sat here listening to the bare-footed friars chanting vespers, there came to him the idea of writing the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Across the square is the Capitoline Museum, in which is a fine collection of ancient marbles and bronzes. Just at the head of one of the staircases we see the "Dying Gladiator." The fallen figure, the agony expressed in every line of the face, the drooping head, all speak of approaching death more eloquently than even the wound in the side. It is simple, natural, beautiful. In this same hall is the "Marble Faun," of which Hawthorne wrote, and the Venus of the Capitol. This statue is on a pivot, and as the guide turns it around, he tells you it is one of the three famous Venuses — the Venus de Milo in Paris, the Venus de Medici in Florence, and this one of the Capitol. Into a room that looked somewhat bare, my companion led the way, and here, in the corner, we found a wonderful work — Pliny's Doves. This mosaic picture represents a table on which stands a large bowl of water, and perched on the edge of the bowl are three beautiful doves. I glanced at it carelessly, and thought but little of it. When I was told that there were seven hundred and sixty pieces of glass to every square inch of the picture, I went back to it. The work is so fine and smooth that it is hard to believe it is a mosaic, but on looking closely you can see the fine lines between the tiny bits of colored glass.

The Tarpeian rock is only a few steps from here, and most of our party went up to see the place where traitors

met their fate so many years ago. It wouldn't hurt one very much to be thrown from there now, there is so much rubbish dumped at its base.

Crossing the Capitoline Hill, we went down into the Roman Forum. Modern Rome has been built up and up, and the Roman Forum has been excavated, until now the pavement of the Forum is twenty-nine feet below the present streets. Only a few traces of the original Forum are to be seen; the three columns of the Temple of Vespasian attract attention at once, and then the eyes wander to the colonnade of the Temple of Saturn, to the solitary column of Phocas, and to the huge ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. In olden times, along the sides of the Forum were shops of all sorts, and at one of these Virginius found the knife with which he killed his daughter to save her from slavery. The guide pointed out to us the spot to which Cæsar's body was brought by Mark Antony, — "the exact spot," — and also the remains of the rostrum where Cicero delivered his oration against Antony. Near here is the Temple of Vesta, a circular structure, surrounded by pillars supporting the roof, in an excellent state of preservation. The fire in this temple was kept burning night and day by the Vestal Virgins. These Vestals were girls of noble families, who were admitted to the order when they were six or seven years of age, and at that time took their vows for thirty years, after which they could marry. If the fire they watched went out, the Vestal who had neglected it was publicly whipped; if one broke her vows, she was buried

alive. One could spend weeks in this old Roman centre and always find something of deep interest to study.

Naturally one turns from the Forum to the Colosseum. This building covers nearly five acres, and is elliptical in shape, four stories high, and roofless. Some idea of the size of it may be had from these figures: Circumference, 1,628 feet; diameters, 615 and 510 feet; height, 156 feet. It is said that sixty thousand captive Jews worked for years to complete the great structure. On the death of Titus ten thousand captives and five thousand wild beasts were killed in this amphitheatre. Excavations have been made in the pavement, which disclose the dens where the wild beasts were kept eighteen or twenty hours without food before the public entertainments. It is difficult to realize that this great Colosseum has been standing since the year 80 A. D.; now over its arches and walls are lovely maiden-hair ferns and clinging vines growing in profusion, the only sign of life in this vast wreck of ancient Rome.

Once a year, on the twenty-first of April, an illumination of the Colosseum, with white, green, and red lights, occurs; and occasionally, when a royal personage visits Rome, a similar illumination takes place, but it is not allowed to equal in brilliancy the one on Rome's birthday.

The Pantheon, erected twenty-seven years before Christ, is wonderfully preserved. Four or five steps lead into the portico, which is supported by sixteen magnificent columns, each one a single piece of Oriental granite forty-two feet high. The roof of the Pantheon was covered originally with

plates of silver, which were stolen; then the roof was covered with plates of brass, and these were taken away to form the four pillars around the grand altar in St. Peter's. The circular hall is one hundred and forty-three feet high, and in the centre of the roof is a circular opening, twenty-eight feet across, through which the sunlight comes, bathing the interior in a soft, mellow light. In the wall of the third chapel in this temple is entombed the body of Raphael, who died when he was but thirty-seven years old. In 1833 the tomb was opened to prove the identity of the remains, and at that time plaster casts of the skull and hand were taken. On the opposite side of the Pantheon is the tomb of the first king of United Italy, — Victor Emanuel, — and this is always covered with floral tributes.

The mausoleum of Hadrian, now called the Castle of St. Angelo, was built by Hadrian in the year 130. It is an immense circular structure, nine hundred and eighty-seven feet in circumference, and was the tomb of all the emperors from Hadrian to Septimius Severus. According to tradition, while Gregory the Great was leading a procession to St. Peter's to pray for the cessation of the plague of 589, an angel appeared to him on the summit of this building, to signify that the plague was ended. The Pope erected a chapel on the summit of the mausoleum to commemorate the event. Afterward a statue of the archangel supplanted the chapel, and the name of St. Angelo was given to it from this circumstance.

One morning we prepared for a drive out on the Appian

Way, and up before the door came what are called the King's carriages, a number of elegant open barouches and great handsome horses, owned by a company, which uses them only on some great occasion. Mrs. Frazar and our conductor convinced the owners that this was a "great occasion," and out we went in the best the city afforded.

Inside the walls we passed the tomb of Scipio and the arch of Drusus, and drove out into the Appian Way. This celebrated road was built by Appius Claudius Cæcus, and was the great pathway to southern Italy. When the road was nearly finished, Appius Claudius gradually became blind, and finally was unable to tell night from day. He it was who first brought water into the city for general use by the people; and right here I want to say that the idea that the water in Rome is injurious is entirely wrong. The water is pure and cold, and was used at table regularly by most of our party, and this, too, in the middle of August. Roman fever is another thing we hear a great deal about, but see very little of. If one will use ordinary care, there is not the slightest danger.

The first tomb of importance which we see on the Appian Way is that of Cæcilia Metella. It stands close to the roadside, where we get a good view of it. The outside is covered with great blocks of travertine, and it has a sort of open work balustrade around the top. On we go past the Temple of Jove, — where many of the early Christians were slain, — past the tomb of Seneca, and out into full view of the great arches of the ancient aqueducts.

The strangest and most interesting place that we visited in Rome was the Church of St. Sebastian, over the catacombs. In this old church we were shown the wonders by a brown-robed priest, who told many things we could not understand, and probably would not have believed if we had understood. The guide, however, translated enough for us to realize that the figure pierced with arrows represents St. Sebastian. How such a feminine-looking saint could have had such a peaceful, even happy, look with half a dozen arrows in his body, and his arms bound to a tree above his head, I fail to comprehend. Not an indication of pain is seen in either face or figure; truly, he must have been a saint. On the opposite side of the church, in a dark corner, is a sort of glass case reaching nearly to the ceiling, filled with valued relics, chief of which is a small slab of marble, in which are the footprints of Jesus, said to have been made on the site of this church when he met Paul fleeing from Rome. We looked, and wondered, and some believed.

But "To the catacombs," we say; and two priests bring out a bunch of small wax tapers, giving one to every other person, form us in single file, with one priest leading and one bringing up the rear, tell us to button our jackets closely, because it will be damp, and down the narrow stairs we go. Once in the catacombs, we feel nervous, almost frightened, especially when we are told to keep close together to prevent getting lost, and so close do we keep that my taper drips, drips, drips, down the coat of the gentleman in front of me. It is a strange place. Narrow,

winding paths lead us by shelving places in the walls, lined with the tombs of thousands of martyrs. The passageways are very narrow, occasionally leading into circular chambers, where the early Christians held their meetings.

"What if these two priests should fall dead at our feet!" I exclaimed, as we stumbled along. "There is not one chance in a thousand we could ever find our way out from these subterranean cemeteries," some one answered; but this is not true, for guides are constantly going through this network of paths. When we reached the church again none regretted the experience, and many of us dropped a few coins in the hand of the pleasant-faced priest in order to bring away the little waxen tapers as souvenirs. Mine stands just above me on my desk as I write, and tends to bring distinctly before me that weird journey in the catacombs of St. Sebastian.

Nowhere in the world can one see such rich, lovely colors in silk as can be found in a little store in one of the large squares of Rome — Roman scarfs, ties, shawls, rugs, all soft and exquisitely beautiful. A loom in the corner is sufficient evidence that Fontana makes the goods he offers his customers. Just below here is a place where Roman pearls are made; they are said to be cut from alabaster, but the cake shown to us looked much more like wax than anything else. These pearls, however, are pretty and cheap, even if they are apt to melt away. One evening four of our companions appeared at the table covered with beautiful Roman scarfs, caps, and shawl draperies, and a charming picture they made.

The Fountain of Trevi was one of the last places that we visited, and one of the most beautiful. It is built at the intersection of two or three streets, and fills a whole block. A score of life-size statues are placed amid the mimic rocks, and hundreds of streams of water fall in silvery cascades over terraces down into deep basins and tiny grottoes. It is said that if you drop a piece of money into this fountain, you will surely visit it again; but I forgot to pay this tribute; and so, I suppose, I can see hereafter the magnificent Trevi, hear the musical ripple of its clear waters, glistening and shining in the bright sunshine, as one sees pictures of the past while watching the firelight, — only in imagination.

IX.

FLORENCE....THE BIRTHPLACE AND LAST RESTING PLACE OF FAMOUS ARTISTS....MAGNIFICENT ART GALLERIES AND CHURCHES.

As we stepped aboard the train at Rome for Florence, the general exclamation was: "We are going toward home," but no one seemed to be particularly jubilant over the fact, and most of us were thankful that many lovely places were yet to be visited. After an hour's ride we reached Orte, situated on the banks of the Tiber, and just beyond this picturesque little place we passed the bridge of Augustus, a fine specimen of Roman architecture, one arch of which is sixty feet high.

Perugia is the next place of historic interest reached. This town was reduced to starvation by the Emperor Augustus in his war with Mark Antony, and was finally burned to the ground. It was rebuilt and destroyed many times. About A. D. 1350 more than one hundred thousand persons died here of the plague. In the distance are the Apennines, and every one is anxious to catch a glimpse of Lake Trasimene, celebrated as the place where Hannibal led the Carthagenians to battle with the Romans two hundred years before Christ, gaining a wonderful victory. In this battle

Hannibal lost only one thousand five hundred men, while thousands of the enemy perished by the sword, and more than fifteen thousand were drowned in the lake. This lake is like a deep basin with a wall of mountains all about it. The water is the clearest, loveliest blue imaginable, sparkling and glistening in the sunlight, while in the distance it blends into tints of deep purple and rich Pompeiian red — Nature's glorious covering over the Roman heroes. No wonder Hannibal achieved such a victory, when he was on the top of the hills and his enemy was shut in the little valley below.

The train goes all too quickly by this spot; further on we pass through Arezzo, the birthplace of Petrarch, and in a little while we are in Florence.

Some one has said that "Florence is one of the loveliest cities of the earth, situated on the banks of the golden Arno." It is indeed a beautiful city; but how any one could call the Arno golden is more than I can understand. It is the same muddy stream we saw in Pisa, and it has the same dirty yellow appearance. Possibly, if viewed from the mountains away in the distance, it might have a golden tinge, but from any one of the six bridges crossing it in this old city most people would call it anything but golden.

Florence, as every one knows, was the birthplace of Dante, of Galileo, of Michael Angelo, and of Leonardo da Vinci, and, as might be expected, is a great art centre. The treasures in the Pitti Palace, the former residence of King Victor Emanuel, and in the Uffizi Gallery are known the

world over. At ten o'clock, the opening hour, our party filed into the entrance of the Uffizi, where the doorkeeper told us we must leave all the umbrellas and canes, as none were allowed in the gallery, since many people thoughtlessly point out objects of special interest with them, not infrequently injuring priceless gems of art. Ascending three flights of broad marble steps, we entered the first vestibule, where some busts of the Medici family are placed. These attracted but little attention, however, and on we went to the Tribune, a small circular room, where the finest paintings and statuary in the world are to be found. On a square pedestal enclosed by an iron railing is the Venus de Medici. This statue was found in Rome, and was brought to Florence by one of the Medici family, and is, therefore, called the Venus de Medici. On the wall directly back of the statue is a painting by Angelo — the Virgin presenting the Infant to St. Joseph. On the right of the statue is the group made so familiar to us by engravings and photographs — "The Wrestlers." On the left of the Venus de Medici is "The Whetter"; this figure rests on a black marble pedestal, exactly like the one supporting "The Wrestlers," and represents a slave crouched down, resting on one knee, in the act of whetting a knife with which to slay Marsyas after his defeat by Apollo. The expression of the face is one of careless cruelty as the head is raised to meet the gaze of those about him. With a sigh of relief we turned to the "Young Apollo," by Praxiteles, the greatest sculptor of Greece. Near this Apollo is the

"Dancing Faun." The floor in this pretty octagonal room is of different colored marbles, in beautiful designs — a work of art in itself. In another apartment we found a statue called the "Fedele della Spina," copies of which are very familiar to most of us, and which we designate as "the boy extracting a thorn from his foot." In this same room is a nymph, also plucking a thorn from her foot, and directly opposite is a lovely crouching Venus.

The Hall of Niobe is one of the most magnificent apartments in the whole building; the ceiling is superbly decorated with paintings, and the great pillars are decorated with golden wreaths of flowers. The floor is marble, in mosaic designs, and all the statues stand near the wall, giving the place the appearance of a great reception-room. At one end of the hall stands the figure of Niobe, clasping her youngest daughter, as if to defend her from the fate which is sure to overtake her. The look of helpless agony on the mother's face is equalled only by the fright and horror speaking in every line of the kneeling girl, clinging to the mother for protection. All about the room are figures of other Niobidi, some dead, some dying; but to the central figure one turns again and again, pitying the mother who is so terribly punished for her pride. One feels that it really is Niobe herself turned to stone, just as we have read. Among such a wealth of paintings and statues it is possible to mention but few.

Next we went to the Pitti Palace, another great art museum. We passed through a winding corridor, said to

be six hundred metres long, lined on both sides with portraits, mostly of the Medici family. Just here I want to tell you something which I learned in this same corridor, and that is, where the sign of the three balls over a pawnbroker's shop originated. Away in the early years members of the Medici family were apothecaries of Florence, and at that time an apothecary was a great personage. This family was immensely wealthy, and when they were ready for business they put outside the door three pure gold pills, as a sign that only the purest and best was kept by them. Later on they became money lenders, still retaining the apothecary's sign, and now every pawnbroker in the world hangs out as a business sign the brass balls, in imitation of the gold pills of the Medicis.

In the Pitti Palace are more than five hundred paintings and many other splendid things. In the Hall of Venus are two beautiful tables. The larger one is of marble, the centre being Spanish emerald, inlaid with pear-shaped pearls, the whole being framed in a band of black marble. A group in bronze on this table attracts Americans, as it represents Columbus landing in America. In this room hangs Titian's "Marriage of St. Catherine," an exceedingly beautiful picture, and here, also, are works by Rembrandt, Rubens, Murillo, and other great painters. In the Hall of Jupiter are two tables in Egyptian porphyry, inlaid with sea shells, pear-shaped pearls, amethysts, and other precious stones. We were not allowed to touch them, but it was worth a great deal just to look at them. The

finest painting in this palace is the celebrated Madonna della Seggiola, or Chair Madonna, by Raphael. This is probably the most familiar of all Raphael's Madonnas, made so by the many engravings and other reproductions of it. It is a round picture, representing the mother seated in a low chair, holding the Christ-child in her arms. The little St. John stands by her side with folded hands; over the head of the Madonna is a striped scarf of bright colors, and another is over her shoulders. In the picture she looks as one expects a young mother to look as she clasps the precious baby form — tenderly careful, lovingly patient, altogether sweet. It is said that there are so many requests to copy this picture that application now has to be made five years in advance. In the Hall of Justice can be seen a fine ebony cabinet, a German work. All the panels of the octagonal affair are inlaid in gold, lapis lazuli, and jasper, and are reproductions of celebrated paintings. The cabinet is marvellously fine, both in design and workmanship. In the centre of the Hall of Flora stands a statue of Canova's Venus, and it is an exquisite piece of work. The walls in this room are covered with pictures, the largest of which is Furini's "Adam and Eve in the Garden."

Late one afternoon four of us drove to the Piazzale Michael Angelo. In the centre of this lovely, garden-like spot is an immense bronze statue of David, a copy of Angelo's famous David. From this place one gets a fine view of Florence, for the piazzale is a sort of terrace high above the city itself. All about these charming grounds

are white marble benches, where one may sit and enjoy the glorious view of the country. Just a little back of this place is the Church of San Miniato, built in 1013. In front of this building is a flight of broad marble steps, leading down to a cemetery, where the wealthy are laid to rest. Most people visit San Miniato because the scene of the first chapter of George Eliot's "Romola" is laid here. From these steps can be seen the ancient walls of Fiesole, away in the distance, and a beautiful view it is, with the sunlight chasing the shadows over its groves of olive and fig trees, its graceful villas dotting the hillsides here and there, while an air of quiet peace is over all.

Down from this spot, over one of the finest roads in the world, we go again to the centre of the city. To the Church of Sante Croce it seems most fitting to go first, since in this church, in the happy Easter time, in presence of a score of tried and true friends, Romola was married to Tito. This church is four hundred and sixty feet long and one hundred and fifty-three feet wide. Above the bronze statue of St. Louis, over the principal entrance, are the letters I. H. S. A queer little story is told about these letters. They were placed here by St. Bernardino, of Siena. At one time he gave a member of his flock a severe talking to for manufacturing playing cards; the man argued that it was the only business with which he was familiar, and that he must continue it in order to gain a living. The saint told him to put the letters I. H. S. on his blank cards and sell them, and the result of the advice was that the card-dealer made an immense for-

tune in a comparatively short time. In this church is the tomb of Michael Angelo, the position for it having been selected by Angelo himself, that he might lie where the dome of the cathedral could always be seen. Galileo is also buried in this grand old church. In front of the edifice is a colossal statue of Dante. The statue stands on an immense pedestal, on each corner of which is a lion, and on the rear and at the feet of Dante is an eagle; the whole group is grand and imposing.

The cathedral here in Florence is built of marbles of different colors, and the rose windows are exceedingly beautiful. The cupola was designed by Brunelleschi, and served as the model for the dome of St. Peter's. When Michael Angelo was working on the design of St. Peter's, some one said to him that he now had a chance to surpass the dome in Florence. "I will make her sister dome larger, yes — but not more beautiful," he answered, and it does not seem as if anything could exceed the beauty of this cupola. The bronze doors of the Baptistery, where all the baptisms now take place, are magnificent. Angelo once said that they were lovely enough for the gates of Paradise.

The bell towers of many of the churches in Italy stand a little apart from the main building, and this is the case here. The bell tower, or Campanile, of this cathedral was designed by Giotto, the shepherd boy of Fiesole, and it is said to be almost a perfect piece of architecture.

This tower is two hundred and seventy-five feet high, and

one can go to the top by an interior staircase. Longfellow tells us that

> "In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
> The lily of Florence blossoming in stone, —
> A vision, a delight, and a desire, —
> The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
> That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
> But wanting still the glory of the spire."

Near the cathedral is a statue of Brunelleschi; on his knee is a plan of the cupola, and he is looking up to the completed work. Near this statue is a stone let into the wall, with the words, "Sasso di Dante" (Dante's seat). This is where Dante used to sit and gaze with admiration on this wonderful structure.

There has always been a great deal of questioning as to who invented spectacles and had the pleasure of wearing the first pair. The honor is generally given to Salvino Armati, an Italian, who died in 1317. His tomb is here in Florence, and has this peculiar inscription: "Here lies Salvino degli Armati, inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins." We cannot help wondering if the writer of the inscription considered the invention of spectacles one of the sins referred to.

Florence is filled with historic wonders, priceless works of art, and many lovely places. My rambling description of it can give but a faint idea of the beauty on every side. One must see it to appreciate it.

X.

VENICE, THE PEARL OF ITALY....THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK....PALACE OF THE DOGES....THE GRAND CANAL....MURANO AND THE GLASS WORKS.

"There is a glorious city in the sea,
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt seaweed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No tract of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city, steering in
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
Smoothly, silently."

It is impossible to give a pen picture of Venice — one can only hint at its wonderful beauty and charm. After a week in Venice one leaves the dream city with the keenest regret.

As we neared the station every one was eagerly watching for the first glimpse of the gondola, and how awkward we were when we finally stepped over the side of the strange conveyance for the first time. Half a dozen large gondolas were drawn up to the steps awaiting the Frazar party, and they were not at all the fairy-like boats of our imagination. They were really the hotel coaches, and bear about the

same relation to the private gondolas that a country stage coach does to an elegant private carriage. After our first surprise, however, we paid little heed to the conveyances, for everything was so strange, so unfamiliar, so unreal. Down through the Grand Canal we went, passing hundreds of gondolas — some filled with pleasure parties, some with business men, calmly reading a paper, seemingly unconscious of the beauty all about, and some laden with fruit and vegetables, the boatman calling out his wares just as pedlers hawk their goods in our streets. All too soon the boat touched the marble steps of the Grand Hotel, and we were welcomed by "mine host" in a right hearty way. Somehow, the ladies did not feel anxious to leave the dingy old boat — the truth is, they hardly knew just how to reach the steps safely and at the same time gracefully. Quicker than it takes to tell it we were inside the old palace, but I would rather not tell just how it was accomplished. This hotel was formerly two old palaces, and is very near St. Mark's Square — the place of places in Venice.

A singular thing here is that all the buildings front on a canal, while the back is on a street, so that one can ride in a gondola or walk on the narrow paved street. A remarkable thing in Venice is the strange quiet everywhere. "Why is it?" we ask. The people chat and laugh, everything seems bright and gay, and yet this silence prevails. Suddenly it comes to us — there is no rumble of carriage wheels, no sound of horses' feet striking, sharp and clear, on the pavements; the only sounds are the tread of slippered

feet, lightly touching the pretty passageways, and the merry tones of the sweet Italian voices. It has been said that if a horse should be found in Venice it would be worshipped as a god; but the Venetians have better things to worship, and the streets are so narrow that horses would be of no practical use.

I said that St. Mark's Square was the place of places in Venice. Going through a narrow little alley-way, through what seems an archway in a building, we stand in the magnificent Piazza San Marco. This square is six hundred feet long, two hundred feet wide on the west side and three hundred feet wide on the east. On three sides of this piazza are palatial blocks, with broad arcades, and here are the finest stores and restaurants. On the right side, under the Imperial Palace, is Florian's restaurant, probably the most famous one in all the world, for this restaurant has been a common ground where people of every nation, in time of war and in time of peace, have congregated to sip the coffee or taste the delicious ices of "the only Florian." In the evening the tiny tables extend far beyond the arcade into the piazza, and around them are gathered gay little parties listening to the glorious music of the military band which plays here evenings. This immense square is paved with blocks of colored marble laid in designs, and is kept as clean as any house floor. Here are the wonderful Venetian pigeons, and one must step carefully to avoid hurting the dainty creatures. These pigeons are fed every day at two o'clock, and it is the prettiest sight

imaginable to see hundreds of them fluttering about, each eager to catch his particular share of food. This feeding of the pigeons is provided for by a bequest from a wealthy Venetian lady. All through the day, however, children and women are selling paper horns, filled with corn, to the passers-by with which to feed these lovely creatures, that perch on your shoulder or hand in a charmingly familiar way.

At the east end of the square is the splendid Cathedral of St. Mark. About the year 828 a Venetian sea captain had put into port at Alexandria, Egypt, and learned, in some way, that the marble of the tomb of St. Mark was to be removed to build a new palace. He determined to get the body of St. Mark and take it back to his dearly loved Venice, and by means of bribery succeeded in obtaining the body, but how to get it on board his boat was a question. He knew that the Mohammedans considered pork an unclean thing, so he sewed the body of St. Mark in a piece of rough canvas and carried it through the streets of Alexandria, crying out, "Pork! Pork!" It is needless to say that the Mohammedans gave him a clear path, and he sailed away with their most sacred possession.

The Church of St. Theodore, which formerly stood on the site of St. Mark's, was not considered good enough to shelter the body of the saint, so it was torn down and this superb cathedral was built. During the erection of this edifice an order was issued that every ship sailing from Venice should bring back something of value for this

building, and the result is that the six hundred magnificent marble pillars supporting the interior and exterior were brought back in this way, and, of course, no two are alike. Nowhere in the world can one see such a wealth of marble, of alabaster, of lapis lazuli, of malachite, as here. Two splendid columns of alabaster near the altar were taken from King Solomon's Temple. How strange it seemed that we should be able to touch columns brought from that glorious spot! Were we really nineteenth century Americans, or were we ancients?

The interior wall decorations are all of precious marbles, and the whole ceiling is in mosaic on a solid gold foundation. The marble slab upon which the Saviour is said to have stood when he preached to the people of Tyre was brought to Venice in 1126, and forms the top of the altar table. The pavement is formed of tiny pieces of white and colored marbles, agate, and jasper, and is beautifully arranged. Over the entrance of St. Mark's are the famous bronze horses of Chian origin. Mark Antony took them from Alexandria, as part of his spoil, to decorate a triumphal arch in Rome. At different times they graced the arches of Nero, of Trajan, and of Constantine, finally reaching Constantinople. Later on they were captured by the Venetians and placed over the entrance of St. Mark's. Then Napoleon, when he came to Venice, decided that Paris should have them, and for a time they rested on the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel; but in 1815, when peace was declared, the bronze horses were returned to the Venetians,

and are now placed over the arched portals of the cathedral.

Just across the Piazzetta, a small square leading to the Grand Canal, is the Campanile, or bell tower, rising three hundred and twenty feet, surmounted by a high pyramid. The view from here is wonderfully fine. The Palace of the Doges is on the left side of the Piazzetta; two rows of arches support immense walls of brick, in which are but few windows. The ninth and tenth columns in the upper piazza are of red granite, and it was between these two columns that the sentence of death used to be read. The Giants' Stairway leads to the upper arcade; it is so called because of the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune which stand on either side at the head of the staircase. Formerly the doges were crowned between these statues. The rooms in this palace are very large and grand, and are decorated with paintings by many of the old masters. In the council room is the largest painting on canvas in the world. It fills the entire end of the apartment, being eighty-four feet wide and thirty-four feet high. This immense painting is by Tintoretta, and is called "Paradise." A singular fact about this is, that no two figures, among the hundreds in it, are in the same attitude. In this apartment, also, is the famous frieze of portraits of the seventy-two doges of Venice, beginning with the year 809. One space, however, is draped with a black veil, covering the place which would have held the portrait of Marino Faliero, the doge who built this superb palace, had he not turned traitor. The Sala della Bussola, or ante-room of the Council of Ten, was viewed with great

interest, for here the council, from which there was no appeal, sat and passed judgment upon the people, regarding whom information was often obtained from letters placed in the lion's mouth. This was a strange and wicked privilege. In the wall is a slit, as if a brick had been removed, and formerly this was surmounted by a lion's head, and here letters could be dropped secretly and without signature, accusing any one, justly or unjustly, of plots against the state. How easy it was in those old days to get rid of an enemy!

With a little shiver of dread we went through gloomy, winding passages to the Pozzi, or dark cells, and they are horrible. The guide led the way, with a single torch, through the narrow corridors, where the walls were fairly covered with oozing slime, to the tiny cells. An oak slab served for a bed, with nothing whatever to soften it, and the only place through which the light could come was a tiny aperture in the door. The passages are so dreadfully dark that it is hard to distinguish any difference when the door is shut and when it is open. Near the entrance to one of these dungeons was the place of private executions; just beyond here is a square opening where dead bodies were slid over an inclined plane into the water.

The Bridge of Sighs, built between the palace and the prison, is a narrow, covered passageway of marble, very beautiful on the outside, but rough and gloomy inside. It is closed now on the prison side, and when the guide told us that five hundred prisoners were in the building, we

were more than glad that the wall was there. In the old days captives came across this bridge to hear their sentence, and meet death between the columns in the Piazzetta.

Let us go from this frightful place through the court-yard, where an old bronze well of exquisite workmanship is seen, to the Piazzetta. Here are two very high granite columns, each one a single block of stone, one bearing the winged lion of St. Mark, and the other the statue of St. Theodore. Three columns were brought from the Holy Land in 1127. One sank in the mud when the workmen were trying to land it, and no one could seem to devise a plan by which to raise the other two. Prizes of all sorts were offered to any one who could put the columns in position, and finally a good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, called Nick, the Blackleg, succeeded, and claimed, as his reward, the privilege of having this spot set apart by the government as a place for playing games of chance. The request was granted, but immediately an order was read providing that all public executions should also take place between them; needless to say, no gambling was ever carried on here by the superstitious Italians. Standing here, we forget the horrible things behind, and realize only the exquisite beauty before us.

One of the pleasantest, most interesting days of all the trip was our third day in Venice. Early one morning three of us started for an all-day's ramble in the quaint city. Our fine old boatman, Pasquale d'Este, with hardly a sound of the paddle, sent the gondola through the water in the direc-

tion of the Chapel of San Giorgio de' Schiavoni, where are many of Carpaccio's finest works. To enjoy this place fully, do as we did — take along Ruskin's "St. Mark's Rest," and read his descriptions and criticisms of the place. The strange surroundings, the ancient look of the place, the low, clear tone of the reader, all tend to make one forget everything but the church itself. From here we went to several churches, Pasquale patiently waiting while we lingered inside, reading and studying the works of art before us. One of the most interesting places that we visited was the market-place where Shylock kept his shop. We wanted to read what Howells had to say of it in his "Venetian Life," but there seemed to be no place to sit but on the ground. Suddenly one of the party discovered a small truck, similar to the frame work of the baggage trucks seen at our railway stations. Immediately we seized it, drew it under a low arcade facing the market-place, and settled ourselves as best we could on the tilting, ladder-like seat for a half-hour's pleasure. I must acknowledge that my attention was about equally divided between the people about us and a desperate attempt to keep on the truck. Little groups of bare-footed children watched us, listening intently to the strange language rolling so easily and smoothly from the reader's tongue. A centime given them occasionally would seem to make them wonderfully happy. The lovely dark eyes would sparkle, the face fairly shine with smiles, and the pretty way of thanking us generally won another coin.

From here we went up some steps and over the famous Rialto Bridge. This bridge is of marble, is eighty-nine feet in the span, and is divided into three parts, a narrow street running through the centre, on both sides of which are shops of a rather cheap class, but bright and gay in decoration.

To the island of Murano we next took our way, and visited the great glass manufactory. Down in the furnace the work is wonderful. A man would have a bit of red-hot glass on the end of a long iron rod; after heating it to almost white heat, he would turn to a counter where sheets of gold-leaf were spread out; with a quick little motion the cone-shaped glass was enfolded in the gold and it was again plunged into the furnace; taking it out again, the workman, with a pair of nippers having indentations on the inside, would draw out this glass into a tiny branch of rose leaves, give the rod a rap, which would loosen the glass from it, and in less time than it takes to tell it a part of the frame work of a Venetian mirror was finished. The rolling of the gold-leaf on the hot glass gives the exquisite tints of color in these frames. These mirrors are very large, generally seven by nine feet, of heavy plate-glass, and the frame, more than a foot wide, is formed of the loveliest flower designs in glass filigree. The specimens of glass in the show-room were beautiful, and the coloring is marvellous. What appeared to be prettily engraved tumblers of blue glass, as thin as paper, when held to the light became as clear as sapphire, with no trace of the engraving to be seen.

At least fifteen different ways of putting this almost priceless glass together, to form different patterns, were discovered by enthusiastic members of the party.

Another interesting thing about Murano is that it is the burial place of Venice. One of the Frazarites wondered if they buried the dead in the sea, there seemed to be so little land for the living. Out in this little island the rich and the poor, nobles and beggars, find in death the same low, quiet resting place. The government defrays the expenses for the burial of the poor and unfortunate. What a weird sight a funeral procession of gondolas must be, silently floating through the water, conveying the beloved dead to the last home!

A visit to the lace manufactory was made late one afternoon, and a good chance was had to see the workers making the dainty material. Little girls, young women, old women, — all ages are represented here ; but the most expert hands get but ninety centimes, or eighteen cents, a day. One young girl showed me a piece of lace which was valued at fifty dollars a yard, and four inches was all she could make in a day; she said she earned eighty centimes a day, and seemed to think it a good sum. Evidently the workers thought we were made of money, for piece after piece of lace was shown to us valued at from twenty dollars to three hundred dollars a yard. A piece of elegant lace hereafter will always remind me of the white, pinched faces of the Italian lace-makers.

There are many churches that I should like to tell you

about, but this description is too long already. Still I must give you a glimpse of the Grand Canal, the most beautiful sight imaginable on a summer evening. Leaving the Grand Hotel about sunset, we passed, only the second door below, the home of Desdemona, a fine marble palace. The front is covered with pretty window balconies. It was here that Brabantio invited Othello, and one can imagine the lovely girl listening, with love's attentive desire, to the stories told her by the dusky Moor. Further on we passed the late home of the poet Browning. This is one of the finest dwellings in Venice, seeming more modern than the majority.

As we row along the twilight deepens, the strange cry of the gondolier, as he approaches the corner leading into another water-way, rings out sweet and clear, "Già è! Già è!" ("boat ahead! boat ahead!"); and here we are on the grand parade of the city. Thousands of gondolas are out, and the concert boats, lighted by colored lanterns, gaily decorated with banners, and filled with musicians, glide in and out among the other boats, making the night perfect by their glorious music. It seems as if Longfellow must have had a night in Venice in mind when he wrote:

> "And the night shall be filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day,
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

Down the length of the canal we go, following the principal concert boat, until we reach the Rialto, and under this great

archway of marble the music rolls out in great waves of sweetest melody, sinking away into sighs and sobs, then ringing out in merry strains and joyous songs. This is the time and place for the most exquisite happiness or the most exquisite misery. Heaven pity the one who amid all this glorious beauty and superb music should feel the need of loving companionship, of friends, of home. Now we realize why this is called the dream city, for nothing can be more like a perfect dream than a moonlight ride on the Grand Canal in Venice.

XI.

THE TOMB OF JULIET....COMO, THE HOME OF CLAUDE MELNOTTE....LUGANO....ZURICH....BADEN-BADEN AND THE CELEBRATED SPRINGS.

From no other place did we go so reluctantly as from Venice, but late one afternoon the white-clad gondolier stood on the steps of the hotel waiting for us to bid farewell to the attendants and take our last ride in a gondola. How longingly we gazed back at the lovely city, how earnestly we wished for another day in this glorious place, wondering all the time if fortune would be kind enough to give to us another holiday in Venice, even if it might be in the far distant future!

A little way from the "Queen of the Adriatic" we passed through Padua, a queer old city, surrounded by walls and ditches. The glimpses we had of the houses showed that they were built on long rows of pointed arches, and all of them were very high. Fifty miles from here the little engine pulled the long train into the interesting city of Verona. Verona is on a plain at the foot of the hills which lie at the base of the Tyrolese mountains. Here was born the artist, Paul Veronese, as he was commonly called, although his name was really Paul Cagliari. He did more

to increase the fame of Verona than all the other natives together. He was often called by the Italians, "Il pittor felice" (the happy painter), and was dearly loved by them. A very interesting thing about Verona is, that in a little garden there is a chapel containing the tomb of Juliet, whose sad love-story Shakespeare has made so familiar. Many notable things are to be found in this ancient place, but hasty glances from a car window are not very satisfactory. At a furious rate of speed we rushed along until we reached Milan, tired, hungry, thirsty. How good the lunch tasted in the little dark corner of the waiting-room! How perfectly delicious was the "lemon squash," better known to us as lemonade!

Late at night we reached Como, and the bright moon shining full upon us did not give even a hint of the fascinating beauty all about us. Como has a population of twenty thousand, but it looks like a small town. It is surrounded by grand mountains. The lake, thirty-five miles long and two or three miles wide, lies sparkling and shimmering in the sunlight, and the views from any part of it are charming. The name of Lake Como is familiar to every one by reason of Bulwer's description of it in "The Lady of Lyons." Claude Melnotte, in describing this place, said that it was in "a deep vale, shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world, near a clear lake margined by fruits of gold and whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies, cloudless save with rare and roseate shadows." On all sides one sees pretty white villas surrounded by groves of citron and orange trees, and the

air is fairly heavy with their perfume. The feast of the Assumption occurred while we were there, and all the people were out in holiday costume. During the celebration a small wharf-like affair gave way, and five men were drowned. How could many of the people keep on with their merry-making when their neighbors were lying dead under the blue waters of the lake! The sun shone down on the lovely green-robed hills, as if smiling at the agony of mothers and wives as they watched and waited for their precious dead.

After a night's rest, we started for Lugano, just over the Italian line into Switzerland. Such a glorious sail as we had on Lake Como for two hours, and as we neared the landing "America" rang out over the water and died away among the mountain crags in the distance. Some of the party seemed to breathe a bit easier, knowing that they were out of sunny Italy, but I saw no reason to feel that way: as I have said before, the Italians treated us with the utmost courtesy and kindness. After a short ride over the matchless Swiss mountains, with their garden-like spots, their vine-wreathed terraces, their flower-covered pastures, we arrived at Lugano. In a driving shower we reached the "Washington," away up on a hill, and as soon as the clouds rolled away and the sun came out a magnificent picture was before us, and such a picture as only the Great Master can present. Down hundreds of feet the hill sloped to the very edge of the lake, and nestling at the foot was the quaintest little village imaginable. On the opposite side of the water

the mountains rose almost straight up for four thousand or five thousand feet. Mount San Salvador, on the opposite side of the lake from us, is crowned with a little chapel, and from it the views are among the choicest in all Switzerland or Italy. Lugano seemed to me, the Sabbath we were there, a place so peaceful that care and trouble could never stir the quiet, restful air of the village.

One cannot visit the "Washington" without remarking the wealth of flowers everywhere, and the landlady very kindly gave us permission to gather all we wished. Leaving Lugano was like turning away from a bit of fairy-land, and the words of one of the party, as we were going to the station, have come to me again and again: "We can never be just the same hereafter." The studious ones gathered facts, the light-hearted, careless ones chatted and laughed, but a few felt that for them life had suddenly become deeper, broader, higher. The lovely blue lake rippled out a psalm of peace, the flowers on the hillside whispered of hope, and the majestic mountains seemed to urge us on to truer, better lives.

A second time we go over the Swiss mountains through the St. Gothard tunnel, of which I have told you, and finally drop our bags and umbrellas in the wide hallway of Hôtel de Zurich. Zurich is a modern looking city, situated at the foot of the lake, and is considered the most flourishing place in Switzerland. About twenty thousand silk looms are in the canton, and the cotton industry is quite important. The population is mostly Protestant, and the German

language is generally spoken. The ramparts which used to surround the city have been transformed into charming promenades, the principal one being the finest on the continent. One day we went up a queer little inclined railroad, to the University buildings, and from this point the Limmat, crossed by three fine bridges, could be seen away below us, while on one side were the green hills and on the other the snow-crowned mountains. The Grossminster, or cathedral, seems only a little way from us, but we do not care for brick and stone while above us is a splendid blue dome, under our feet lies a carpet of softest green, and all about us are the mountains rising like magnificent pillars in Nature's great cathedral.

From Zurich to Basle the scenery is truly Swiss, and from Basle to Baden-Baden it is exceptionally lovely. The train rushes along through the smooth country, giving us glimpses here and there of darkly-wooded hills dotted with tiny cottages. About six miles from Baden-Baden we crossed the Rhine, — the celebrated, much-talked-of Rhine, — and finally found ourselves in Germany, a land supposed to be overflowing with fruit and beer.

Baden-Baden is like a great garden, for everywhere the grounds, both public and private, are covered with flowers. It is built in terraces on the slopes of the Schlossberg, and there are many elegant villas all about. The place is often called the garden of Germany, and it well deserves the name.

Early one morning a little party of us started for the Old

Schloss, the original residence of the reigning family of Baden, and one of the most interesting ruins in Germany. Up the long stairs we climbed until we stood inside the castle walls — and all there is standing of the castle are the walls. There is no roof, no floor, nothing left but the massive sides of the old building. A narrow flight of iron stairs leads to the top of the ruin, and there we had a grand view — the lovely Baden-Baden at our feet, the famous Black Forest stretching away in one direction, and the Rhine winding here and there through the beautiful plain. Then there came a little spatter, a few big drops, and down poured the rain. A restaurant in one corner of the castle sheltered editors, teachers, students, furniture manufacturers, and scribblers, while outside on the veranda patiently waited "Darby and Joan," our dearly-prized companions. The ride back was for quite a way on the edge of the Black Forest, — so called because of the dark color of the trees, — then past farms, little hamlets, and beautiful villas, till we reached the hotel. Just as we were alighting, a fine carriage, drawn by two beautiful gray horses, passed us, and we had just a glimpse of the Grand Duke of Baden, a middle-aged, gray-whiskered, weary-looking man. His residence, the New Schloss, as it is called, is just above the village.

The general idea is that Baden-Baden is nothing but a gambling centre, but this is not true. Public gambling is no longer carried on here. The best time to visit this beautiful place is in July and August, but many people

come as early as May, to get the benefit of the baths. There are thirteen springs here, the waters containing iron and free carbonic acid. The waters are conveyed by pipes to the hotels, so that visitors can have the benefit of the springs without going out. Most people, however, prefer to go to the Frederick baths, where every kind of a bath imaginable is given. The "Trinkhalle" is where the people congregate between half-past six and half-past seven in the morning to drink the waters, and such stuff as it is! One swallow was enough to last me forever; yet it is interesting to watch the scores of invalids, the hundreds of make-believes, walking up and down the place, sipping the tepid salt water. One cannot help wondering what people would not drink for fashion's sake. The principal rendezvous is the Conversationshaus, which is the most magnificent establishment of its kind in the world. It is fitted up with great reading-rooms, assembly rooms, a grand theatre, restaurants, and everything to make the time pass pleasantly. One leaves Baden-Baden convinced that it is one of the loveliest spots on earth, and not so wicked as many places that are nearer home.

XII.

HEIDELBERG AND ITS OLD CASTLE....THE CORPS STUDENTS....FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN....GOETHE'S HOME....WIESBADEN, THE FAMOUS WATERING-PLACE.

Leaving Baden-Baden in the late afternoon, we went through a lovely country to Heidelberg. The mountains gradually disappeared, the hillsides melted into the valleys, dotted here and there with farmhouses, and a level country, restful to the eye, was all about us. As we neared our destination, however, the hills appeared again, the mountains peered from the curtains of purplish-blue haze, and the great castle was before us.

Heidelberg, situated in the valley of the Neckar river, is one of the most beautiful places in all Germany. On one side the darkly-wooded slopes rise in terraces above the town, while on the opposite side the hills are covered with rich vineyards as far as one can see. The principal street is nearly two miles long, but a few Frazarites who walked the entire length of it one evening, in search of lemons, would be willing to testify that it was much longer.

Patiently we sat in the office of the Hotel Schreider one morning, waiting for the rain to slacken, so that we might visit the castle. Who has not heard of the Castle of Heidelberg,

the most wonderful ruin of the Middle Ages? This castle was founded in the fourteenth century by the Elector Rudolph, and was used as a palace and a fortress. It is a massive square structure, with towers at either end, the larger one being octagonal in shape and the smaller one round. In 1693 the castle was sacked and partly burned by the French. In 1764 it was struck by lightning, and since then has been roofless. Some idea of the strength of the walls, which are twenty feet thick, may be had when one sees the great section of the castle which was blown out by the French, and which fell into the moat, still a solid wall, overgrown with clinging vines.

After following the guide up and up the narrow stone stairs, winding 'round and 'round until we were a trifle dizzy, we reached the top of the octagonal tower, and a magnificent view was spread before us. The whole country was robed in that dark green peculiar to Germany. The Neckar river in the distance looked like a silvery satin ribbon, curving here and there, and the town seemed almost directly under our feet. Bits of glass still clinging to the window frames reflected patches of brilliant color on the dull stone floors as the sun shone through them, and the ivy crept here and there as if to cover with its glossy leaves the ruin and decay.

In one of the lower rooms of the castle are many relics, — parts of armor, stone cannon-balls, old dishes, portions of the stained-glass windows, and many curious things; but the guide hurried us along to the cellars, which are very large,

very interesting, and very damp. Going through a narrow passageway, we entered a square apartment called the pantry, where in olden times an ox was frequently roasted whole, and one readily believes in the possibility when the place is examined. Near this cellar is another in which is a large wine cask, holding sixty thousand gallons, and most of us mistook it for the great Heidelberg Tass. Formerly thirteen of these sixty-thousand-gallon casks stood in this room. The guide, however, never lets you make a mistake about the great cask, and after going through ways that were long and gloomy he flourished his keys, threw open a door, and the famous curiosity was before us. This tun, or cask, is thirty-six feet long and twenty-four feet high, and is said to hold two hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred bottles of wine, or eight hundred hogsheads. It has been filled but three times during the last hundred years. On one side of it is built a flight of stairs, and over the top of it is a flooring where dancing parties are occasionally held. In front of the cask is a queer wooden statue of Porkes, the court-jester, who had an allowance of twenty bottles of wine a day, and would drink as much more as he could get. From the expression on his face one would judge he had an extra bottle hidden somewhere about him, for it's a sort of "I've-got-the-best-of-you" look. Beside him in the wall is a clock which he made. By pulling a string underneath, the operator comes to understand fully Porkes' invention as well as his joke.

Late one afternoon we drove out over a broad beautiful road, past the Hirschgasse, where, every Friday morning, the students of the university fight their duels. The members of this particular class of young men are called "corps students," or fighting students. They fight with sharp double-edged swords, and the more scars on the left cheek a student has, the more honorable he is supposed to be. When the honor of the corps is fought for, the duellists wear caps and have their necks and right arms bandaged; but when their personal honor is questioned the caps are thrown off, the bandages disappear, and "business" is meant. In these affairs the time is limited, and the student getting the smallest number of cuts is declared the victor, and then a grand supper follows. These students' caps, by the way, deserve notice: they are very low, are always three or four sizes too small for the wearer, and are worn just as far on the side of the head as possible without falling off. Nothing could be more ridiculous than these caps, except the students' idea of honor and duelling.

As we rode beyond the Hirschgasse we had a clear view of the castle on the opposite side of the river, and the setting sun reflecting on the windows gave it the appearance of being brilliantly illuminated from the inside. All along the way children would come to the side of the carriage with fruit and flowers for sale, offering them with such a beseeching expression in the eyes that no one could resist their appeal.

Near the city we passed across a curious old bridge over

the Neckar. There are round towers on either side of one end of it, and both of these towers are fairly speckled with bullets fired by the French.

In Europe every town has its famous church, and the Church of the Holy Ghost is the one in Heidelberg. This building is divided in the centre by a partition running the entire length of it, and one-half is occupied by the Catholics, and the other by the Protestants. In 1719 Palatine tried to deprive the Protestants of their half, but the people made such a protest that he was obliged to remove his court to Mannheim. The oldest church is St. Peter's, and it was on its doors that Jerome of Prague, the reformer, nailed his theses, defying the world to dispute them.

Just a little way from the Hotel Schreider is the Kursaal Garden, with a pretty open theatre and a fine band-stand. Hundreds of people are here every pleasant evening, promenading up and down the beautiful walks, and listening to the glorious music of an orchestra of two hundred performers.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main we stayed for a few hours, driving about the city and trying to see all the sights. The first place visited was the cathedral, in the chapel of which all the emperors were elected, and where we saw the grand altar where they were crowned. Near this cathedral is the old slate-covered house, called the "Lutherhaus," where Luther preached on his way to Worms. It bears this inscription, "In silentio et spe erit fortitudo vestra."

The house where Goethe lived was eagerly watched for, and is No. 74 Hirschgraben. His father's coat-of-arms — three lyres — is over the door, and above it is a tablet bearing this inscription: —

In diesem Hause
wurde
JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE
am 28 Aug., 1749,
Geboren.

A little window in the end of the house was pointed out as one where Goethe's father used to watch him as he played in the garden below.

Driving out past the Friedberg gate, we saw the colossal mass of rocks piled together in memory of the Hessians who fell while defending Frankfort. This monument is surmounted by a military device cast from cannon taken from the French. After a little ride, we reached the Bethmann Temple, containing one of the most perfect works of modern art — the statue of Ariadne on the Panther. Ariadne, according to mythology, was deserted by Theseus on the island of Naxos. She was found by Bacchus, who managed to console her and make her his wife. In this work of Dannecker's she is represented as seated on Bacchus' favorite animal, the panther. Entering a circular room, we looked about us for the masterpiece, but only a few plaster casts of statues were to be seen. On one side of the room,

however, we noticed some heavy green draperies, and presently we were invited to step behind them. As the curtains dropped in place the silence was intense,— not a word, not a whisper came from any one. There was the life-size figure of Ariadne, half sitting on the panther, one elbow resting on the animal's head, while between the fingers of the hand the robe on which she sits is lightly caught; the other hand loosely clasps the left foot, which rests on the back of the panther. The whole thing is perfect, even to the fold in the end of the ribbon falling on her shoulder from her hair. As the group revolves on a pivot and the face turns to us it seems as if, like Galatea, the statue could be called into life. Suddenly the attendant draws some red silk curtains over the glass ceiling and the marble is touched with the rosy tint of life. The figure turns slowly toward you, the eyes seem to smile into yours, and we listen for the spoken word. Slowly, slowly the lovely face turns from you, the color gradually fades out, and only the marble semblance of a beautiful woman is before us. Step lightly, speak softly, for we have seen the life die out of a glorious being.

The oldest bridge crossing the Main was built in 1342, and near the centre of it is an iron cross, on the top of which is a golden cock. A curious legend is connected with the bridge. The architect made a contract to have it completed at a certain time, but as the time drew near with no likelihood of its being finished, the devil offered to complete it if he could have the first soul that passed over it. The bridge was finished, and the architect drove over a

cock before he allowed any person to cross. His satanic assistant stood under the centre arch of the bridge waiting for the soul; but when he found it was only a rooster, he tore it in pieces and broke two holes in the arches, declaring that they would never be built up again while he had power. Evidently his majesty is not known in Frankfort now, for the holes have been filled for years.

The most interesting monument in this cleanest of all cities is that of Gutenberg in the Rossmarkt. The figure of Gutenberg is in the centre, with Faust on his right and Schoffer on his left. A number of portraits of printers form a frieze on the monument.

The Judengasse is the street where formerly all the Jews were obliged to live. At each end of it were gates, and at a stated time each night, and on Sundays and holidays, all of the Jews were locked into this section, and if any one came out after the gates were fastened, he was heavily fined. Mayer Anselm Rothschild, the founder of the great banking house, was born in the Judengasse, and the house in which he was born is still standing. The first banking room was only about eight feet by ten in size and was windowless; but from this bare little corner house came the most influential family in the financial world.

Leaving Frankfort from one of the finest and most costly railway stations in the world, in an hour we reached Wiesbaden, a famous German watering-place, to which, as to Baden-Baden, thousands of people come to derive benefit from the warm salt water. The people gather early in the morning at

the great Kochbrunnen spring, and drink and bathe for all the diseases that flesh is heir to.

In our room at the hotel I saw for the first time a German stove, — and such an affair as it was! This one was about eight feet high, three feet wide, and three feet long. As an ornament, it was handsome, being covered with lovely green tiles ; as a heater, it is a deception. My curiosity led me to investigate the affair, and I found that the real stove inside the great case was only a miserable little box, that would hardly heat a closet. I was told that the stove was like a freestone — when the tiles become thoroughly heated they retain the warmth a long time. Such a heater would be poor comfort in a New England home.

The Kursaal in Wiesbaden is the finest one in Europe. A magnificent marble building with a broad arcade forms the entrance to the grounds. In this arcade are little shops where all sorts of bric-à-brac are offered for sale. One night while we were here the annual illumination of the garden occurred, and such a display of fire-works as was made is seldom seen. In the centre of the garden is a lovely lake bordered with small trees and flowering shrubs. All through the grounds are magnificent trees and exquisite groups of statuary. Colored lights were hung from every tree, and lines of them stretched across the water, while scores of fountains were lighted by gas jets covered with glass globes of different colors, making the whole place look like fairy-land. The celebrated Municipal Orchestra played selections from Wagner's works, which proved a strong attraction to

the Germans present; and the Military Band gave operatic airs from Verdi's compositions, which were more to the taste of the foreign visitors; while the happy, careless promenaders wandered about the flower-wreathed walks enjoying the scene. A charming place in which to pass a few hours is the Kursaal in Wiesbaden.

XIII.

THE RHINE AND ITS CASTLE-LINED SHORES....FAIR BINGEN....THE MOUSE TOWER....THE LEGEND OF THE LORELEI....“THE BROTHERS”....BOPART....COBLENTZ....BONN.

A short ride in open cars from Wiesbaden brought us to Biebrich, where we were to take the steamer for a day's ride on the Rhine, the most interesting river in all the world, the pride of every German, and one of the places visited by every American tourist. The Rhine has been repeatedly called the “emerald river,” the “sea-green stream,” and many other fanciful names. The scenery all along the banks is like a glorious picture, but the color of the river itself is far from an emerald shade — it is yellow and muddy looking. The most interesting part of the river, as far as legends and scenery are concerned, is between Mayence and Cologne, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

Eltville was one of the first little towns passed. Here, in 1465, one of the first printing presses was established. A little beyond is the celebrated Steinberg vineyard, which has been cultivated by the monks of Erbach since the twelfth century. This vineyard, however, is of small

account when compared with its neighbor, the Johannisberg. The Castle of Johannisberg stands three hundred and forty feet above the Rhine, and is surrounded by great vineyards, from which are gathered the grapes which are made into the far-famed wines. Johannisberg was once the property of the church ; later on it was presented to General Kellermann by Napoleon; and after his downfall it was given to Prince Metternich by the Emperor of Austria.

Bingen was the first village passed that every one seemed familiar with, and it was amusing to hear the people trying to repeat Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem of "A Soldier of the Legion." Many of them could repeat perfectly the first two lines; a few could stagger through four; but I do not believe that any one on the boat could have given a dozen lines correctly. Bingen is a town of seven thousand inhabitants, on the left bank of the Rhine and the right bank of the Nahe, and also at the junction of two old Roman roads, one to Trèves and the other to Cologne. A bridge, supposed to have been built by the Romans, is here, and is called the Bridge of Drusus. Back of Bingen is the Chapel of St. Roch, where, on the sixteenth of August, thousands of pilgrims come to offer their devotions.

Nearly opposite Bingen is Rudesheim, and on a terrace, nearly one thousand feet above, is the national monument, surmounted by a magnificent bronze statue, which was unveiled by the Emperor in 1883. On an island just below Bingen is the famous Mausethurm, or Mouse Tower, built upon a rock of quartz. One of the most interesting legends

of the Rhine is told about this tower. One summer and fall a great deal of rain had fallen, and all the crops had been spoiled. Bishop Hatto had an abundance of grain and corn left from the previous year, but refused to give or sell any to the famishing poor. After a time he pretended to relent, and invited all the needy ones to come to one of his barns on a certain day and help themselves. When the large barn was full of people he locked the doors and set fire to it, and then went to his castle, declaring that the country owed him a great debt for ridding it of the rats that would consume all the country's corn. The next morning the bishop's picture in the great hall was a wreck, having been destroyed in the night by rats. A little later all the corn in the granaries was spoiled by the tiny animals, and Bishop Hatto, terribly frightened, fled to his tower on the Rhine for safety, while thousands of rats swarmed about the castle. He rapidly filled up all the holes, fastened the doors and windows, suspended his bed from the walls of his stronghold, and defied all the world. While Hatto was doing this work thousands of rats crossed the river, and gnawed their way through the walls to their victim, who died a horrible death. Southey tells the legend and gives a graphic description of the tower in his poem entitled "Bishop Hatto."

The Castle of Ehrenfels was built in the thirteenth century for the purpose of levying tolls on the passing boats. It was the stronghold of the bishops of Mayence for centuries, and in times of danger they would come here and bring

their treasures. The slopes are raised in terraces, one above another, with the lonely tower rising above all. Charlemagne, in looking from his castle at Ingelheim, noticed that the snow first melted on the terraces of Ehrenfels, and he ordered that vines be brought from Orleans and planted there.

Just below here is the Castle of Rheinstein, dating back to the eleventh century. About 1825 this castle was rebuilt by Prince Frederick of Prussia, whose remains are buried in a side chapel. The castle is furnished and decorated to resemble a place of olden times. All about are beautiful trees and shrubs, and over the great cliff on which the castle stands the vines grow in picturesque confusion.

Bacharach, situated on the left as the steamer passed, is a charming spot. The town received its name from a stone in the middle of the river, which is generally covered with water, but in dry seasons, which are best for grape culture, is exposed — a sure barometer to the wine-maker.

The Castle of Pfalz is on a rocky ledge near the centre of the river, and was built by the Emperor Louis of Bavaria at the beginning of the twelfth century as a toll-house for collecting fees from passing vessels. I think the toll-house business on the Rhine must have been profitable in old times, for every few miles we saw some structure of some sort where the tolls had been gathered. The Castle of Pfalz is a peculiar building; it has a tower covered with an unsightly roof, several turrets and sharp corners, and is fairly dotted with loopholes. The only entrance is several

feet above the water, and one has to climb the ladder in order to reach it. Nearly opposite Oberwesel, a quaint little town, with many ivy-covered towers, are the famous rocks of the Lorelei, rising four hundred and fifty feet above the river. One of the old legends goes in this way: A siren used to sit each evening on the top of the cliff, combing her golden hair and singing exquisitely. All who heard her were fascinated, and were tempted to cross to her home, but they were caught in the whirlpool and drowned. Finally, after enticing the son of the Pfalzgraf to his death, she threw herself into the water to escape the father's vengeance. Some people, blessed with strong imaginations, say that the form of the rocks shows the profile of Napoleon.

Slowly we sailed past the "Cat" and the "Mouse," two castles on the right, and approached the Convent of Bornhofen, a favorite resort of pilgrims. This convent is almost hidden by trees, at the foot of the high hills, on which are the ruins of two castles, called "The Brothers." The story of these lonely ruins runs in this way: Two brothers loved their foster-sister, Hildegarde. Heinrich very kindly left for the Crusades, so that Conrad could marry the lady. Instead of doing this, he pined for his brother and became indifferent to Hildegarde. After a time, he, too, went to the wars, but soon returned with a lovely bride. In due time Heinrich came back, intending to avenge the wrongs of the deserted one. Hildegarde, however, turned peacemaker, reconciling the brothers in the most approved

fashion. Soon after this Conrad's wife deserted him, the foster-sister entered the convent at the foot of the hills, and, the legend says, the brothers lived happily ever after.

Boppart, an ancient walled city, was next reached. The Roman walls, still preserved, surround the interior part of the city, while the outer walls date from the middle ages. The tower of the old church stands like a sentinel keeping guard over the little city. Just below Rheuse is the Konigsstuhl; this was built in 1376 by Emperor Charles IV., and is eighteen feet high, nearly circular, and has eight stone seats on the top, one for the emperor and seven for the electors. On this structure treaties were signed, decrees were issued, and the emperors were elected until the fifteenth century.

Many castles of minor importance were glanced at as we passed on to Coblentz. This city is at the junction of the Moselle and the Rhine — one of the loveliest situations on the day's trip. The river at Coblentz is crossed by a bridge of boats, a novel sight to a New Englander, and just above this is a splendid railway bridge, which also has broad walks for foot travellers. The stone-work in this bridge is simply wonderful, and must have cost a mint of money. The Church of St. Castor, founded in 836, is the church in which Charlemagne divided his empire among his grand-children. A fountain in front of this church was erected by Napoleon when on his way to attack Russia, and bears an inscription to that effect. A little while afterward the Russians, on their way to Paris pursuing the French army, placed an

inscription under the first one, which is a bit sarcastic, to say the least: "Seen and approved by us, Russian Commandant of the city of Coblentz, January 1, 1814." Farther down the Rhine is the square watch-tower called the White tower. This is the place where the French crossed in 1797. General Hoche accomplished this wonderful act by imitating Cæsar, who crossed the river nearly two thousand years before in the same way. Near the tower is a raised circular space, on which stands a monument erected to the memory of General Hoche.

On a small island in the middle of the river, near Unkel, is a building once used by the nuns of St. Ursula. At the time when all these organizations were broken up by the French, Josephine succeeded in preserving this one. It was on this little island that the bride of Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, took the veil when she heard the false report of her husband's death. Just across the Rhine is the Castle of Rolandseck, built by the heart-broken Roland, that he might live in sight of the convent where his wife was hidden from the world.

The ruin of Drachenfels is one of the most beautiful on the whole river. It seems as if the castle must have been hewn out of the rocky cliff, for the walls are on the very edge of the ledge, frowning down on the lovely valley below. This mountain is called Drachenfels because of the cave at its base, in which the dragon was killed by Siegfried. The top is crowned by the ruined castle, which was once the stronghold of the robbers of the Rhine. Byron gives a fine

description of this lonely, picturesque ruin. It is an interesting fact that all the stone for the magnificent cathedral in Cologne was taken from this mountain of Drachenfels.

The last place of interest before reaching Cologne is Bonn, charmingly situated on the banks of the Rhine, and noted principally for its university. The main university building is nearly a quarter of a mile long, and in the library are more than two hundred thousand volumes. At one time Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, was a student in this university. The Cathedral of Bonn is supposed to have been founded by Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. It is surmounted by five great towers, and in the interior are a few fine paintings and a bronze statue of the empress. Beethoven, the celebrated composer, was born in this little city in 1770. In 1845 a splendid bronze monument was erected to his memory.

From Bonn to Cologne the scenery is uninteresting, but one cannot complain when the day's ride has been one continuous picture of vine-wreathed hillsides, of moss-covered castles falling in ruins on the rocky cliffs, and of lovely little villages nestling among the trees. Every bend of the river has a castle above it, and every castle has a legend which clings to it like the ivy on the crumbling gray walls.

XIV.

COLOGNE....THE GRAND CATHEDRAL....CHURCH OF ST. URSULA....THE WALRAFF ART GALLERY....THE MARKET-PLACE .... BRUSSELS .... BATTLEFIELD OF WATERLOO....ANTWERP.

As we came to Cologne we began to realize that our holiday was nearly over; that only a few days of sight-seeing were left to us; and that soon the every-day life would have to be taken up, though with all the pleasant memories of the happy summer, every-day life would never be quite the same.

Cologne is a quaint, crescent-shaped city on the Rhine, which, just here, is very broad and beautiful. Hundreds of spires and towers rise above the buildings, but chief among them are the two great towers of the Cathedral of St. Peter. This cathedral was founded in 1248, and is said to be one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. The building is five hundred feet long, and the towers are each five hundred feet high, the tallest towers of any kind in the world.

A curious legend is told about the plans for this magnificent edifice. In 1248 Archbishop Conrad sent for Gerhard, a famous architect, and asked him to furnish plans, within

one year, for a cathedral. The architect was delighted, and determined that this should be the finest cathedral in the world. Ten months of the time had passed, and plan after plan had been thrown aside because it seemed to be only a reproduction of the plan of some other building which he had studied closely. Finally only three days of the year remained, and Gerhard, thoroughly discouraged, wandered away into the country. Night came on, and a fearful storm raged. A flash of lightning set on fire a large oak tree, and from the flames stepped out a figure which offered to the architect a bottle, urging him to drink and forget his trouble. Gerhard drank, and then the stranger unrolled a parchment on which was a plan that the architect had repeatedly tried to perfect. On condition that Gerhard should sign a contract with his blood, giving his soul at his death to the devil, the fiend handed over the coveted plan. As he was about to sign, Gerhard remembered a silver crucifix which he had on his neck; holding it before the fiend, he dared him to approach and take the plan.

"You have tricked me cleverly," said the tempter; "but it is not safe to be dishonest, even with the devil. You will build the church by my plans, but your name will be forgotten, and the church will not be finished for centuries."

Gerhard at once returned to the city and presented the plans to Conrad, who accepted them with many words of praise. All the rest of his life he lived in luxury, but was wretchedly unhappy. When he died a terrific thunderstorm came on, and the voice of his satanic majesty was

heard calling to Gerhard, saying, "The devil always claims his own."

The interior of the building is like a forest of gray stone pillars, curving into graceful arches. Through the splendid stained-glass windows the sunshine sifts in rays of purple, and yellow, and red, filling the whole place with the loveliest light imaginable. As we entered, the choir was just beginning the service. A few of the party managed to get to the seats down in the centre of the church, but those who lingered at the entrance to see the window representing St. Gercon and his crusaders were obliged to stand at the side of the great aisle. Very soon, however, the beadle, with his long staff, drove us out, as no one is allowed to stand in the holy place during service; neither would he let us cross the aisle and take seats with our friends.

"Let's go to the top of the cathedral," said one of the ejected ones; and half a dozen of us, with a guide, started for the top of this wonderful building. As we climbed up and up the winding stone stairs, every little while we came to openings, where views of a part of the city could be had. After going as high as possible, we reached a sort of terrace on the front of the cathedral, and the whole city lay before us like a great picture, the Rhine quivering and gleaming in the sunlight like molten silver, while the "seven mountains" in the distance stood like giant sentinels guarding the peaceful valley.

At one of the landings of the stairway, as we descended, the guide threw open a door, and there were the bells.

These bells range in size from the great Kaiserglocke, weighing twenty-five tons, to the little one, only fifteen inches in diameter. The great bell was cast from twenty-two cannon captured by the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war. It requires twenty-nine men to ring this mighty bell, and the sound rolls out over all the country towns around Cologne. The bell bears this inscription:

"I'm called the emperor's bell,
The emperor's praise I tell.
On holy guard I stand,
And for the German land
Beseech that God may please
To grant it peace and ease."

When the last block of granite was placed on the cathedral, August 14, 1880, just six hundred and thirty-two years after the corner-stone was laid, the bells were rung for hours, telling to all the people that the great work of centuries was accomplished.

On our way down we came every little while to narrow arched corridors, from which we could look down two or three hundred feet into the church and see the people still at service, while the deep tones of the organ and the music of the fresh young voices rose to us in whispers of sweetest melody.

In a slab of the pavement in the Chapel of the Three Kings may still be seen faint traces of the brass plate under which is buried the heart of Marie de Medici, the exiled

queen, who died of starvation in a hay-loft here in Cologne.

The treasury contains the most sacred and valuable objects belonging to the cathedral, chief of which is the Shrine of the Magi. This shrine is made of silver and gold, and is ornamented with sixteen hundred precious stones, many of them beautifully engraved. It is six feet long, four and three-quarters feet high, and three and a half feet wide. In a silver case, inside the shrine, so say the guides, are kept the bones of the three wise men from the East, who brought presents to the infant Jesus at Bethlehem. These bones were brought from the Holy Land by Empress Helena, and later on were given to the archbishop at Cologne by the Emperor Barbarossa when he captured Milan. The skulls of the Magi are said to have upon them crowns of diamonds, with the names of the wise men set in rubies. On week days the guide will charge you four marks to show you these precious relics, but on Sundays and festival days they are exhibited free. Here you can obtain a curious little souvenir made of brass, about as large as a nickel, having the picture of the infant Jesus in his mother's arms, receiving the gifts of the Magi, stamped on one side, and on the reverse side a tiny picture of the cathedral. If you give a few coins to the priest, he will dip this bit of brass in the dust of the Magi for you. I had one of these tiny souvenirs given to me, but I have always been a bit doubtful about the dust.

From the cathedral we drove to the Walraff art gallery to see the celebrated painting of the Princess Louise. It

represents the princess coming down a stairway, dressed in a sheer white gown, the folds of which seem to flutter in the summer air. The face is the sweetest I ever saw on canvas; the eyes meet yours with the trustful look of a child, and you almost expect that the lovely red lips will part in a smile. The whole picture is exquisitely beautiful. The story is told that the princess used to take her little ones out in the fields, when her husband was away at the wars, and play games with them and weave cornflowers into wreaths with which to deck them. The people loved her so dearly that they adopted the pretty blue cornflower as the national flower of Germany because it was her favorite.

We wandered about from room to room, glancing at the many pictures, but the only one which received especial attention was that of Bismarck, one of the finest portraits in Europe.

The Church of St. Ursula is one of the strangest sights in the world. It was built in commemoration of Princess Ursula and her eleven thousand devoted nuns. The tradition is that Ursula, the daughter of the King of Brittany, with eleven thousand virgins, sailed up the Rhine as far as Basle to make a pilgrimage to Rome. From Basle she went on foot to her destination, accompanied by a party of knights, including Conan, her betrothed. The princess was received by the Pope with great ceremony, and all kinds of honors were bestowed upon her by the church. On her return home the party was attacked at Cologne by the Huns, who wanted the nuns for slaves. Ursula urged the

women to refuse to go with their captors, declaring that it was better to die than to submit to the degradation which would follow if they should give themselves up to the tyrants. This so enraged the Huns that they stabbed Conan and threw him into the arms of the princess; and then she and all her attendants were murdered. After a time the bones of all the nuns were gathered, and the present church was built to contain them.

All around the inside of the church are cases eight feet high and two feet broad filled with these horrible relics. The walls in the treasury of the church are frescoed in elaborate designs with bones, and all around the cornice are skulls, partly covered with velvet caps richly embroidered in gold thread. The altar has panels of plate-glass, and through this can be seen the dry brown bones of the martyred saints, packed in as closely as possible. Some of the cases containing skulls are open at the top, and you can see where some of them were crushed in by the blows of the Huns. In a shrine inside a plate-glass case are the bones of St. Ursula, surrounded by the skulls of a few of her favorite companions.

On one side of the room is one of the bowl-shaped jars used by the Saviour at the marriage at Cana, when he turned the water into wine. Here, also, are the chains with which St. Peter was bound.

Not one person in a thousand reading of these strange decorations would believe that anything beautiful could be discovered about them, but I am sure that many people

would look at the walls about the shrine of St. Ursula and wonder how the pretty effect was produced. One loses sight of the bare, dry bones, and only the exquisite fresco work is noticed.

Our hotel faced on the great square of Cologne, which is more than a quarter of a mile long. In the morning, from four o'clock until nine, it is used as the market-place, and a lively scene is then presented. One morning I went with a friend out into the square to buy some of the delicious plums which are found here. Up and down the square, between the rows of vegetables and fruit, we went, admiring the splendid dogs harnessed into the little carts and watching the picturesque market-women. These women are dressed very neatly, and their wares are displayed in the most tempting way. I tried to buy some of the plums, but did not succeed. I offered a few coins, but the women looked at me, smiled, and shook their heads. I offered more money; they only smiled the broader and jabbered away in German, evidently trying to tell me why I could not have the fruit. At last I turned away in disgust. There were bags and bags of luscious plums; here was I with a handful of coins, but I could not seem to make an exchange. Afterward I was told that I should have taken something with me in which to carry the fruit away, since the venders do not furnish anything of the sort. If you ever want to buy fruit in Cologne, first provide yourself with a market-basket.

The mention of the name of the city naturally brings to

mind the fine eau de Cologne, which is an important production of this place. Jean Maria Farina is the manufacturer of the "real" article, and in his establishment you can buy the cologne for a trifle. It is put up in tubes, in tiny jugs, and in many other ways, but the pretty wicker-covered bottle is the favorite style. Cologne is one of the most interesting cities in Europe, and we would gladly have extended our stay here if we could; but new scenes awaited us, and one afternoon, after a few hours' ride, we reached Brussels.

Brussels, or the "Little Paris," as it is often called, is a modern city, containing many fine public buildings, and beautiful parks and squares. The old fortifications have been removed and splendid boulevards, bordered with trees, have taken their places.

Early one morning the Frazarites started for a ride about the city, driving first to the Hôtel de Ville. This building was erected in 1400, and is said to be one of the largest and most remarkable buildings of the Gothic style of architecture. The graceful tower rises three hundred and sixty-four feet, and is surmounted by a statue of St. Michael. From the top of the tower the battlefield of Waterloo can be distinctly seen. We were allowed to visit several of the rooms in the building, some of which are very interesting. The Salle du Conseil Communal is the apartment in which the meetings of the "Council of Blood" were held, and in which Count Egmont and Count Horn were condemned to death. In the square in front of the Hôtel de Ville the

scaffold was erected on which, in the presence of three thousand Spanish soldiers, these noblemen were beheaded. This old city hall is filled with historic paintings, sculptures, and relics of the famous battle of Waterloo.

The Church of St. Gudule is the finest church building in Brussels. From its imposing front rise two great square towers, from the top of which you can see Antwerp and the sea. The windows in this church are exquisitely painted. "The Last Judgment," by Frans Florins, in the principal window, attracts the attention of every visitor; but the object of greatest interest to me was the pulpit. It is of carved wood, and represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. The pulpit is supported by the tree of knowledge, and Adam and Eve are departing from it. Over the pulpit is the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms; he is crushing the serpent's head with the cross. All the figures are of life size, and are marvellously lifelike in posture and expression.

A short drive brought us to the Palais de Justice, one of the grandest buildings in Europe. It towers above all the buildings of the city like a giant among an army of dwarfs. This Palais de Justice covers more ground than any other building in the world. It is built of granite, and cost $12,000,000. The inside is finished in marble of different kinds, and is splendidly decorated with silk plush and gold.

We next visited the Parliament House, in which are many historic paintings, and the attendant told us the story of

each in a charming way, apologizing, with a look that captivated us all, for her imperfect English. Down through a long tree-arched entrance, just beyond a lovely little lake, is the King's palace. All through the grounds are groups of statuary, fountains, choice flowers, and everything to make beautiful the home of the ruler.

No one would think of leaving Brussels without visiting the Weirtz Museum and the Royal Lace Manufactory. The Weirtz Museum contains only the works of the great and eccentric painter, Joseph Antoine Weirtz. This artist believed that the sale of pictures tended to injure art, and he never allowed any of his paintings to be put on sale. An arrangement was made with the government of Brussels providing that at his death the city should build a museum for his works and become the owner of them. In the collection are several very large paintings, and many small ones, but there is not one in the museum but will give you an uncomfortable, creepy sort of feeling. Nearly all of the pictures represent mythical scenes. The coloring is exquisite ; the figures, though gigantic, are finely proportioned ; but the expression on nearly all the faces is fiendish. On one side of the room is built a sort of closet, and in the side of this is a small round hole. The visitor is always invited to look through this and see the picture of an angel. We were all anxious to see something angelic after looking at so much that was the very opposite, and one after another peered through the tiny aperture, only to look a bit surprised, and then turn away with a queer little smile. My turn came,

and, standing on tiptoe, I glanced in. How familiar the angel looked! Where had I seen the face before? Suddenly it dawned upon me that I was gazing into a cunningly-placed mirror, and that the angel was — well, not a heavenly angel, anyway.

In the lace manufactory many exquisite patterns of lace were shown to us. The costliest lace of Belgium is made in Brussels, and is called Point de Bruxelles. The thread for this particular kind has to be spun in dark, damp cellars, as it is so very fine that it would snarl and break if it were made in a light, dry room. The women who work in these cellars are paid extra wages, since it is, of course, very injurious to the health to stay in such a place. Much of the lace is made by women in their own homes, and then brought to the factory and fashioned into the desired articles. Seven thousand and fifty bobbins were used by one pale-faced woman as she fashioned the thread into a parasol cover. The lace is all made in sections, and each class of workers has a name. Those who make the separate flowers are called the *Platteuses;* those who apply the flowers to the ground-work are called the *Striqueses;* while those who weave the figures and ground together are called the *Faiseuses de point à l'aiguille.*

Fine laces can be bought in Brussels for a trifle in comparison with prices paid in America. In the Royal Manufactory the attendants spread before us lace for dresses, with parasol covers to match, handkerchiefs as delicate and filmy as a cobweb, exquisite fans, plastrons,

collars, edges; in fact, everything in the form of lace to delight the feminine heart and tempt the pocketbook. A half day should be devoted by every tourist to inspecting the mysteries of lace-making in Brussels.

Twelve miles from the bright little city of Brussels is the battlefield of Waterloo. Now the flax which will be woven into dainty lace springs out of the ground once saturated with the life-blood of heroes; golden wheat waves over the great plain; corn tassels shine like spun silk in the sunlight; and the whole scene is one of quiet, restful beauty. On the crest of a conical-shaped mound, two hundred feet high, is a bronze figure of the Belgic lion, made from cannon captured during the battle. Under this mound the dead were buried, friend and foe lying side by side in their last sleep.

Leaving Brussels late one afternoon, we came, after an hour's ride, to Antwerp, the quaint old city on the river Scheldt. Antwerp is the chief port of Belgium, about six thousand five hundred vessels being registered here each year. Many of the streets are lined with magnificent buildings, while the narrow back streets are bordered with picturesque gable-roofed houses.

Antwerp, by many judges, has been placed next to Florence as a home of art. To this city in 1587 came Peter Paul Rubens, then a boy of only ten years. Sir Anthony Vandyck, the celebrated Flemish artist, was born here in 1599, and was a favorite pupil of Rubens'.

In the cathedral in Antwerp are some of the finest works of Rubens. This cathedral is a magnificent building, three

hundred and ninety-five feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide. The tower is four hundred and sixty-six feet high, built in open fret-work arches, and contains a wonderful set of chimes of ninety-nine bells. This spire is one of the finest in the world. It seems so light, so airy, so dainty, that one can hardly believe it is made of stone and iron. Napoleon once said it looked "as if it were made of the finest Mechlin lace"; and Charles V. said it was so beautiful that it "deserved to be kept in a glass case." Inside the cathedral is a pulpit of carved wood similar to the one in the Church of St. Gudule in Brussels.

The tourist comes to the Antwerp Cathedral, however, to see Rubens' famous paintings, "The Elevation of the Cross" and "The Descent from the Cross." "The Elevation of the Cross" represents the executioners raising the cross into position with Christ fastened upon it. The expression of the face is rather one of mental than of physical agony. The look in the upturned eyes is that of a loving, forgiving Saviour. From the terrible wounds in the hands and feet the blood is streaming, and it seems as if the weight of the body would tear the hands from their fastenings. It seems as if you must put your arms about the dying sufferer, lift the body from the strained position, and ease a little the pain caused by the cruel nails. One forgets it is only a painting, and for a moment feels that the picture is a reality.

In one of the great arches is Rubens' masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross." Now the agony is over — Christ

is dead. The face is gray and ghastly. Every line in the falling body shows the utter helplessness of death, and you feel that if you should touch the pierced, blood-stained hands they would be cold and rigid.

A long ride one afternoon, after a stray piece of baggage, gave us an excellent idea of the old section of the city, as well as a view of the fine buildings and lovely parks in the more modern part. In many of the store windows were displayed articles of Delft ware — everything from cups and saucers to brooches and ear-rings. This ware is so lovely in color, so dainty and delicate, that it is made into all sorts of ornaments.

All too soon our stay in Antwerp was over, and early one morning we drove down to the wharf to take the steamer for home. As the gang-plank was pulled away and the great ship started from the landing, eyes were dim and voices husky as we said farewell to the dear friend and her laddies who were left on shore. Slowly the steamer moved away, the faces became indistinct, then the figures vanished from our view, and at last only a dark line in the distance told us where we had begun the homeward journey. Far down the harbor, clear and sweet, sounded the chimes from the Antwerp Cathedral, as if they were bidding us a tender, loving good-bye.

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